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HIGH LIFE IN THE CITY!

A COMEDY,

OF FIVE ACTS,

NOW PERFORMING WITH GREAT APPLAUSE,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

BY

EDMUND JOHN EYRE,

FORMERLY OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. H. WYATT, PICKET STREET,
TEMPLE-BAR;

BY E. McMILLAN, BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1810.

[*Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.*]

TO

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

SIR,

IF I thought that the offspring of my muse was so deformed, or so void of intellect as some critics have pronounced it to be, I would not ask you, Sir, to protect the bantling. A father's vanity may cause him to over-rate the natural, or acquired, merits of his child, and thus influenced by a blind partiality, I may overlook the faults of mine. But though it may not be free from many, and great defects, I cannot perceive any of those hideous features which mark a *lusus naturæ*, and for which a few were desirous to have it strangled at the birth. Scarce had the infant seen the light, than it was unmercifully assailed with random blows, and left for dead. The kindness of the public, however, revived it, and it now lives to thank both them and you.

Believe me, Sir, I regard your approbation as the highest recompense an author can receive; and the greatest honor to which he can aspire, is the privilege to deposit his *imperfect drawings* in the same Temple of the Muses, where so many noble pictures, the works of your *consummate ge-*

nus, are annually exhibited. Accept, Sir, my sincere thanks for one of the best Epilogues you ever wrote; an Epilogue which breathes the true spirit of poesy, of loyalty, and of patriotism.

That you may long live to embellish the Drama with your writings, to enliven society with your wit, and to continue the patron of unfriended authors, is the cordial wish of,

SIR,

Your most obliged,

and humble servant,

EDMUND JOHN EYRE.

*Hampden-Street, }
Somers' Town. }*

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE following Letter having appeared in the Theatrical Examiner of Sunday, the 5th of August, I shall print it here, with some of Mr. Lee Hunt's observations on my conduct as an Actor, and an Author. "I was preparing," says that Gentleman, "my critical knife for a decent analysis of Mr. Eyre's pericranium, when the following Letter, directed personally to me, was sent to the Examiner Office."

"Saturday Night.

"SIR,

"As the *Examiner* generally takes a particular notice of Theatricals, I wish, through the medium of your Paper, to contradict a report generally circulated, and hitherto tacitly acquiesced in by myself, that the Comedy of High Life in the City, is written by me. The fact is, only two of its Characters, viz. those acted by Messrs. *Mathews* and *Liston*, proceeded from my pen; the Plot, Dialogue, &c. of the Piece, belong entirely to a Lady, who requested me to superintend its production, and make what alterations seemed necessary for *stage effect*. The Lady's original motives for concealment have now ceased, and I am authorized to state to the Public unequivocally, that Mrs. CAVENDISH BRADSHAW is the real Parent of the Play now acting at the Hay-market Theatre.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"C. J. EYRE.

"31, Hampden Street,
Somer's Town."

After some severe comments on the Play, Mr. Hunt concludes his remarks in the following words: "I used to be willing to respect Mr. Eyre for his decent appearance on the Stage, his attention to what was going forward, and a manner, which though declamatory, seems indicative of a respectable understanding. But it is perfectly obnoxious to see him coming forward in a Piece partly written by himself, as he did the other day in one that was entirely his

“ own composition. It is so direct and awkward an
 “ appeal to the forbearance of the audience, that were
 “ his productions twenty times better, it would still be
 “ disgusting. If Mr. Eyre wishes to give the Town a
 “ proof of his good sense, he will either write no more
 “ Plays, or never appear in them himself: if he wishes
 “ to give them a still greater, he will avoid both.”

It has been my practice, never to reply to any newspaper criticism; but, as the Letter which was subscribed with my name, was a gross and impudent forgery, I penn'd a hasty Letter to the Editor of the Examiner, of which the following, I believe, is nearly a correct copy :

“ *Sunday, Two o'Clock.*

“ SIR,

“ Your Paper has just reached me; and I beg leave to
 “ assure you, on the word of *Truth*, that the Letter you have
 “ inserted with my Signature, is a *forgery*, contrived by some
 “ secret enemy to injure me. I have not the honour of know-
 “ ing (*nomine tantum*) Mrs. CAVENDISH BRADSHAW, and am
 “ shocked that her name should have been made the sport of
 “ criticism. The Play, with all its numerous faults, is mine.
 “ Delicacy to the Lady's feelings, and your own regard to jus-
 “ tice, will suggest to you the propriety of immediately unde-
 “ ceiving the Public.

“ As you can have no personal enmity towards me, I am
 “ willing to suppose that your Remarks on my Play were the
 “ result of unprejudiced judgment. They have excited my
 “ regret, not my anger. An humble Author, such as I am,
 “ must bend, like the reed, beneath each gust of wind that
 “ blows against it.

“ You are greatly mistaken, Sir, if you imagine that I *vo-*
 “ *luntarily* appeared in my own Pieces. Necessity alone urged
 “ me to it. Engaged for a particular line of acting, I was
 “ compelled, *most reluctantly*, to fulfil the duties of my sta-
 “ tion; and the mental torments I endured as an Actor, on
 “ those occasions, were even greater than the lacerated feel-
 “ ings of a condemned Author.

“ With regard to the charge of presumption, in daring to
 “ commence Dramatist, I might in justification quote a pas-
 “ sage from the Roman Satyrist :

“ *Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique,*
 “ *Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ.*”

“ But, Sir, I have better motives—Finding that my income

“ was inadequate to the demands of an increasing family, I
 “ dedicated my leisure hours to writing for the Stage, but the
 “ fruits of my honest industry have been all destroyed.

“ You, Sir, cannot possibly think more humbly of my
 “ abilities, as an Actor, than I do ; and happy should I be if
 “ my circumstances would allow me, to indulge your wishes,
 “ by relinquishing a profession, in which even the brightest
 “ talents are exposed to slander.

“ This communication, Sir, is not penn'd in order to extort
 “ your compassion ; for, bred up under the habits and education
 “ of a Gentleman, I scorn to sue for pity.

“ I shall call at your Office to-morrow, to request a sight of
 “ the Letter which bears my name, and endeavour, if possible,
 “ to discover the infamous author of it.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Yours, &c.

“ E. J. EYRE.”

Having by this public declaration avowed myself as
 the real parent of the following Comedy, Mr. Lee Hunt
 is at liberty to take up the critical knife against me,
 and after having murdered the child, to resume his
favourite and humane amusement of scalping the father.

31, Hampden Street,
 Somer's Town.

THE AUTHOR of the following performance, cannot commit it to the press, without acknowledging the very great obligations which he has to Mr. WINSTON. Every attention which he could give to the interest of the following Play, he has bestowed with the most generous alacrity; and the Author is happy in an opportunity of thus publicly thanking him for his conduct as a manager, and a gentleman.

It has been remarked with great justice, that few new Pieces were ever better performed than “High Life in the City.”

Mr. JONES, though he appeared in a new walk of the Drama, did not lose his way; for, by his excellent assumption of the Irishman, he increased his professional celebrity, and convinced the audience, that, in the attempt, he had committed no *blunder*.

Mr. LISTON, that highly deserving favourite of the town, more than equalled the Author's expectations; and Mr. MATHEWS, from his manner of supporting *Crastinus*, compelled the Author to regret, that the part was so much beneath his merited reputation.

Mrs. GLOVER, was truly excellent; her playful levity—her force—her tenderness—her pathos, were the genuine effusions of genius, and prov'd that she had no superior, where cheerfulness is to be pourtrayed, or domestic feelings are to be excited.

The vivacity, the critical nicety, with which Mrs. GIBBS performed her character, can only be guessed at by those who are familiar with the performance of that admirable actress.

It would be ungrateful in the highest degree, to close this Preface, without confessing how much praise is due to Messrs. GROVE, HOLLAND, and indeed to *every Performer*, who kindly laboured for the success of the Comedy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Crastinus	Mr. MATHEWS.
Mr. Connaught	Mr. JONES.
Mr. Pimenta	Mr. EYRE.
Henry Mortimer	Mr. HOLLAND.
Duplex	Mr. GROVE.
John Woulds	Mr. LISTON.
Capt. Fraser	Mr. CARR.
Mr. Juvenile	Mr. RAY.
Ready	Mr. MENAGE.
Postman	Mr. ATKINS.
Constable	Mr. TRUMAN.
First Waiter	Mr. TREBY.
Servant	Mr. NORRIS.
Lady Pimenta	Mrs. GLOVER.
Emily Danvers	Mrs. EYRE.
Miss Duplex	Mrs. GIBBS.
Jenny	Miss DE CAMP.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY T. HILL, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. STANLEY.

WHEN freighted ships approach an unknown shore,
To sound the coast, a pilot goes before ;
He heaves the lead—the fathoms then he tells,
At which the owner's bosom droops or swells.

So am I sent, to sound the devious way,
Or speak the Prologue to our embryo Play ;
To slightly hint our Author's hopes and fears,
And strive to obviate the Critic's sneers.

But wherefore send me ? Why indulge a fear,
That hidden rocks will wreck his Vessel here ?
No beacons, falsely glitt'ring on the way,
Will shine upon his course, but to betray.
Beacons of beauty here, as sun-beams bright,
Around us cluster to our wish each night.
E'en now, with angel-lustre while they shine,
Exhibiting in mortals, forms divine—
Methinks I view the ardent wish'd-for goal,
In friendly glances from each gen'rous soul.

But should this welkin angry clouds deform,
And should the Critic's groans portend a storm,
How shall his bark, when launch'd upon the sea,
Escape the mighty shock of their decree ?
But, sav'd from tempests and such awful thunder,
We humbly hope, the vessel may not founder.

HIGH LIFE IN THE CITY.

Act I.

SCENE I.

A Tavern and Coffee-house on Ludgate-hill; at the top, the Bar—Waiters cross the Stage, some with covered Dishes, others with Wine and Fruit, and place them on the Tables of different Boxes; where are seated, separately, Mr. DUPLEX and Mr. CONNAUGHT—At other Tables, different Parties are discovered at Dinner.

Mr. DUPLEX rises, and comes forward with the First Waiter.

Dup. (reading the bill). “Soles, 5s.; butter and fish-sauce, 1s. 6d.; beef-steaks, 2s. 6d.; oyster-sauce, 2s.; potatoes, 6d.; bread, 4d.; port-wine, 6s.; total, 17s. 10d.”—You have not charg’d for the salt, I see.

1st Waiter. We never tax that article, Sir.

Dup. Did not Mr. Crastinus leave word, that he expected a Mr. Duplex to dine with him to-day?

1st Waiter. No, Sir.

Dup. That’s very strange; very rude too, to keep me waiting for him two whole hours, and then, at last, oblige me to sit down to table by myself.

1st Waiter. Mr. Crastinus, Sir, is a gentle-

man, noted for putting off ev'ry thing till to-morrow; is very absent and flighty, and never punctual to his engagements. Sometimes, after inviting a whole party to dinner, he will come in, just time enough to wish them all good night. He has a very bad memory.

Dup. Indeed! Perhaps, then, he sometimes leaves town, and forgets to pay his bill here?

1st Waiter. Very often, Sir. But so many gentlemen do the same, we are not surpris'd at that. He always pays very handsomely at last.

Dup. Well, then, put down the amount of my bill to his account; for since he invited me, it would be an unpardonable affront to his hospitality, to pay for my dinner.

1st Waiter. Sir, we have had no orders to—

Dup. Why, now, do you suppose a plain citizen, as I am, would have order'd such a sumptuous entertainment? Bless you! I am a very moderate man. Mine is no fashionable appetite; a few mutton-chops, and a single pint of porter, satisfy me.

1st Waiter. But the dishes you had, Sir, were of your own ordering.

Dup. True; but then, I thought another was to have paid for them.

1st Waiter. Well, Sir, as I know you, I will do as you desire, till I see Mr. Crastinus.

Dup. Know me! why, I never frequent this tavern; 'tis too expensive for me.

1st Waiter. I know you for all that. I have one of your cards in my pocket.

Dup. My cards!

1st Waiter. Yes, here it is! (*pulling out a duplicate from his pocket*).

Dup. A duplicate! (*aside*).

1st Waiter. Yes, yes, we all know Duplex, of the three golden balls!

Dup. Hush! hush!

Guests. Waiter! waiter!

1st Waiter. Coming, Sir, coming! (*retires up the Stage*).

Dup. I shan't wait here till Mr. Crastinus arrives to wish *me* a good night; no, I shall now return home. Let me see—to-morrow, the Lottery begins drawing. That's a busy time with us pawnbrokers. [*Exit.*]

Mr. CONNAUGHT and the 1st Waiter come down.

Conn. Pooh, nonsense, man! don't bother me—I say that your cook should be sent to the University of Dublin, and then he would soon learn how to boil a potatoe.

1st Waiter. You are the only gentleman, Sir, that ever complain'd.

Conn. Och, then may be, the blame lies in the potatoes—Ireland is the only country for the growth of that beautiful plant. There's not an orchard, corn-field, or flower-garden there, that is not covered all over with potatoes.

1st Waiter. My master, Sir, with his respects, order'd me to give you your bill.

Conn. Do you take me for some paltry plebeian, that I should examine the price of every article? Don't I know, that gentlemen of fashion never look into their accounts?

1st Waiter. Well, Sir, if you will pay me the amount for seven days' board and lodging, I will thank you.

Conn. Pay!—pay, did you say? Certainly.—Oh, Mother of Moses!—(*putting his hand into his pocket, and pulling out an empty*

purse)—I forgot—the devil a guinea's at home.—
(*Aside*). What will I do now? I'll bother this fellow, and keep him in good humour, till I get my remittance.—Pay!—you are not in earnest, sure? You see, now, I have not doubted your master's honesty; why then should he suspect mine?

1st Waiter. He does not, Sir; but 'tis a custom at this house, for all strangers to settle their bills weekly.

Conn. My dear fellow, if I lodge here for a length of time, as I intend to do, I shall be no stranger.

1st Waiter. I am sorry to say, Sir, that my master wishes you to remove, as your bed-chamber is engaged to another gentleman.

Conn. Oh, certainly, I'll accommodate you with pleasure—you can put my things into another room.—Its all equal to me where I sleep, so that I have a good bed, and every other comfort.

1st Waiter. You misconceive me, Sir—you can stay no longer here.

Conn. No! then by the powers, I'll put a law-suit on your master's back, for daring to turn me out of lodgings, after I had taken them upon a long lease!

1st Waiter. A lease, Sir?

Conn. Yes—Did not I say, when I step'd out of the coach, and engag'd my bed-room, that I might stay in London the rest of my life; and that if I found myself comfortable, and well treated, I should never think of quitting this hotel?

1st Waiter. But you did not take a lease of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, Sir.

Conn. Faith I did, Sir!—Sure you don't think

I meant to starve all the time I was living in a tavern?—No, I always eat and drink for the good of the house.

1st Waiter. No benefit to us, Sir, if you don't pay for what you have.

Conn. Pay!—There, again!—you are so vulgar.

1st Waiter. I beg pardon, Sir; but unless you discharge the present demand—

Conn. Hark you, my hero—joking apart, only ask your master to wait another week, till I receive a remittance of fifty pounds, which I expect from Dublin, and I'll be *indebted* to you for ever.

1st Waiter. I dare say you will—(*aside*).—But my master says, unless you pay me by to-morrow morning—

Enter a POSTMAN.

Post. A letter for Patrick Connaught, Esq.

Conn. Good news! Aye, here it is—the Dublin post-mark—double postage too! Och, 'tis the remittance come at last—'tis from my friend and school-fellow, Dennis.—Here, waiter! lend me 2s. 2d. to pay His Majesty's letter-carrier; and keep 7s. for yourself, which I intend to give you.

1st Waiter. Oh, oh, the money arriv'd! (*Aside, and pays the Postman, who goes out*).

Conn. (*breaking the seal, and taking out a Note from the Letter*). Change for fifty pounds!

1st Waiter. Yes, Sir, directly. [*Goes to the Bar.*

Conn. Well, Dennis, you are a real friend indeed. Let me see—(*opening the letter*) what a beautiful hand he writes.—“Enclosed, I send you a note of an Hundred Pounds, which you left with me to get cash'd, but as you are not on

terms with your Father, and no one can tell when you mean to return, I can't persuade a soul to discount it."—Now, upon my honour, that's very amazing! not discount my note! But, here is more of his vile scrawl—writes the worst hand I ever saw—Faith 'tis so illegible, it pains me to decypher it—"since you left me, I've been confin'd"—confin'd! "confin'd in prison, at the suit of my wine-merchant."—Oh, Dennis, Dennis, why the Devil did you order more wine than you were able to pay for?

Enter 2d Waiter.

2d Waiter. Did you call, Sir?

Conn. Call, Sir! yes, Sir. Fetch me a bottle of Claret—[*Exit Waiter.*] Och, Dennis, Dennis, why did you order more wine than you could pay for? (*reading again*).—"Wishing you every success in your matrimonial speculations, I am, your sincere, captive friend, Dennis O'Brian."

Waiter. Here are Fifty Pounds in Bank-notes, Sir. (*Giving them to him*).

Conn. And here's a note for One Hundred—pay yourself my bill, and give me the balance another time.

Waiter (*looking at it, and reading*).—"Two Months after Date, I promise to pay to Dennis O'Brian, Esq. or order, the sum of One Hundred Pounds, value received. Patrick Connaught."—Why, Sir, this is not a banker's cheque, but your own promissory Note!

Conn. To be sure it is.—I know it. Do you suppose I am a rogue, and would give you any other person's—no—that note is my own, and I have a right to dispose of it, as I please.

Waiter. Why, Sir, 'tis not worth a farthing!

Conn. I'll tell you what, you impudent dish-carrier, since I have been so ill-treated, I'll instantly remove from your house—you shall lose my custom for ever—I'm going to pack up my things;—when I come down, I shall expect my money—or if you don't give me the balance of the note, which will be paid when it becomes due, upon my honour, I'll arrest you.—Pretty treatment for a gentleman, indeed! [*Exit up a flight of stairs at the back of the Stage, leading to the Lodging-rooms.*]

Waiter. John! (*Enter another Waiter*). Run over the way and fetch a constable; bring him in at the private door, and lead him up the back stairs to No. 7, where you will find me.

[*Exit John.*]

(*Mr. Crastinus without*). Here, waiter! Boots! where are you all! (*Enters down the stairs, with a morning-gown and slippers on*). Frank, send Boots to me—I've been waiting for him this half hour—brush my coat—bring my shoes—air my shirt, and call a coach—quick!—I'm in haste—must dress for a party—dinner on table at six, and 'tis now half after—where's the hair-dresser?

Waiter. You never mention'd to me a hair-dresser, Sir; you only call'd for Boots.

Crast. Send them both to me. [*Exit Waiter.*]
—Never was so hurried—never so late—Boots! where the plague is the fellow?—Six parties to visit to-night—well, I shall just pop in, and say—Boots!

Enter Boots, with a boot-jack.

Boots. Here, your Honour.

Crast. (*sitting down*). A pretty time you have kept me waiting for you. Why do you stand

there, doing nothing ! Don't you see I'm in a hurry ? Zounds, why don't you pull off my boots ?

Boots. La, your Honour's joking—you've got 'em off.

Crast. Hey ! what ! so I have—I'm sure, I had them on before—I feel asleep—aye, you're a wag—you took them off yourself. (*Rising*).

Bring my coat. (*Exit Boots.—Enter 1st Waiter*).
—Any body enquir'd for me ?

Waiter. Mr. Duplex, the rich pawn-broker, has been here.

Crast. Faith, now I remember, I invited him to dinner, to fix the day of marriage with his daughter—no matter—to-morrow will do as well—did he leave any message ?

Waiter. No, Sir—only left you his dinner-bill to pay.

Crast. His bill to pay ! That's mighty cool—I ask'd him to dine with *me*, not to eat by himself.

Waiter. He waited dinner for you, Sir, more than two hours.

Crast. Two hours ! why couldn't he have come again to-morrow ? Well, no matter, I'll pay for his chops.

Enter a Hair-dresser.

Waiter. Sir, the hair-dresser attends you.

Crast. Hair-dresser ! what does he come for ?
—I can't have him now—I'm going out to dinner—come and dress my head to-morrow. [*Exeunt Waiter and Hair-dresser.*] Surely, I was to have drank tea with Old Duplex's daughter, and to have accompanied her to the Opera to-night—no matter—I'll go to-morrow.—That won't do either—only twice a week.

Enter Mr. JUVENILE.

—Ah, Jack Juvenile! your hand! When do you leave town? How is your wife? When am I to see her? Come, I'll walk home with you now, and you shall introduce me.

Juv. Mrs. Juvenile, Sir, does not see company at present.

Crast. No! well, no matter. I'm going to see the wild beasts to-morrow, so will take your wife in my way. What ails you, Jack? You seem dull.

Juv. I can't easily forget, that the last time I paid you a visit, Mr. Crastinus, in this very house, at your own particular and most pressing invitation, that you never came to the appointment.

Crast. My dear fellow, don't resent the unavoidable consequences of a bad memory, and numerous engagements. On that very day I had promis'd to meet a dozen gentlemen, at twelve different parts of the town, and all at twelve o'clock.

Juv. Ay, always behind your time—always too late.

Crast. You must blame my mother—not me.

Juv. Your mother!

Crast. Yes, I was the younger of twins—my brother pop'd into the world before me, and I was too late, by half an hour, for securing the family estate.

Juv. Unlucky indeed!

Crast. When at school, I was notic'd for a quick study; and the facility with which I got my lessons, encourag'd me to put off learning them till the last moment; so that, notwithstanding the quickness of my parts, I was generally flog'd twice a week.

Juv. A smart rebuke !

Crast. When I came from school for the holidays, letters of complaint were prefer'd against me from the master. My father, whilst he affected to scold me, flatter'd my indolence in the most dangerous manner, by adding (aside) to some friend, " George is a harum-scarum fellow—can do any thing he pleases ; all his tutors say so—but he is a sad idle dog ; all your men of genius are so—puts off business always to the last moment ; but all you men of genius do the same." Thus my negligence became rooted ; and from that period, the best intentions of my life have been often frustrated by an unfortunate habit of deferring the business of the day till to-morrow. But, Jack, tell us something of your wife—a beautiful creature, hey ?

Juv. She's rich.

Crast. Well, *that's* beautiful. Very young ?

Juv. Humph ! she's arriv'd at years of discretion.

Crast. Lucky rogue ! A rich handsome wife ! A fine painting in a golden frame.

Juv. Gaming, and fashionable dissipation, had so wasted my substance—

Crast. That your estate, Jack, was in a galloping consumption.

Juv. Mere skin and bones ; but I married, and grew plump.

Crast. Ay, ay, a rich heiress is a solid matrimonial pillar, and serves to prop many a falling house. Let's see a paper (*Goes to a box with Juvenile, and sits down and reads*). " This evening will be acted a new comedy."—Can't go to-night—engag'd—if it succeeds, I'll see it to-morrow.

Enter, down the Stairs, Mr. CONNAUGHT in custody of the Constable, followed by the Waiter.

Conn. By what authority do you dare to seize upon me, and threaten, if I resist, to knock me down with that painted sprig of shillelah?

Const. By the authority of my office. Come, come, you must go before the sitting Alderman at Guildhall.

Conn. Pooh, nonsense, man, you're joking—I have not the honour of his acquaintance, and it would be ungentlemanly to intrude myself into his company without an invitation.

Const. I didn't come here to talk, but to bring you before his worship the Justice.

Conn. His worship! that's a bull, for Justice is an old woman.

Const. An old woman!

Conn. Yes—the Romans always represented her as a lady; therefore, by this time, she must be a plaguy ould one.

Const. She's nimble enough though, to overtake such chaps as you (*laying hold of him*).

Conn. Hands off—you are too familiar by half!

(*Mr. Crastinus and Juvenile come forward.*)

Crast. I know that Gentleman's voice! what, our old college acquaintance, Patrick Connaught, in the hands of a tip-staff!

Conn. Ah! my dear friends, you are both come most opportunely, to rescue me from the big fist of this wooden limb of the law.

Const. Wooden limb! I'll tell you what, my master, if you don't come along and be civil, I'll knock you down with this wooden limb! (*holding up the staff in a threatening attitude*).

Conn. Here's a pretty fellow! a Peace-officer, and wants to breed a riot!

Juv. What is the cause of his detention?

Waiter Why, Sir, you must know that—

Conn. Hould your tongue, and don't be after forcing your paltry conversation upon gentlemen. The fact is this—I did the landlord of this hotel the honour to take up my residence here; and to shew him that I was no mean lodger, I order'd the best dinners, the best suppers, and the best wines (*to the Waiter*).

Waiter. But you never—

Conn. You are right, I never found fault with any thing. Well, gentlemen, I had been here but one week, when he demanded payment of his bill. I had not the cash about me, because I had spent it; but I gave him a good note at two months, for 100*l.* upon a gentleman of *credit*.

Crast. Oh, I understand;—Waiter, return the note to Mr. Connaught, and I'll settle the affair. You see (*to the Constable*) we are busy now. Can't you come again to-morrow?

Const. I must do my duty now, Sir.

Crast. Well, give me the bill: (*Waiter gives it*). Let me see—17*l.* 10*s.* 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* You shall have it directly. No—I've not so much about me. No matter—you'll trust me till to-morrow.

Waiter. Most readily, Sir.

Conn. A thousand thanks, my dear friend. Here, Sir, here is your money: though my necessities urg'd me, at the moment, to take a temporary advantage of you, yet I most heartily rejoice in the present opportunity of restoring both my honour and the notes. (*Gives the notes to the Waiter, who retires*). For, thoughtless as I may have been, I would never deliberately be guilty of a deed which might cause my dear mother, Ireland, to disown me for her son. You may abscond, my friend! (*To the Constable*).

Constable. I will, but beware how you come under my clutches again; for I shan't easily forget, that you call'd Justice an old woman, and said that I was her wooden leg. [Exit.

Juv (to Mr. Connaught). But what brought you to England?

Conn. I had so many people inquiring after me in Dublin, that their visits became very troublesome and expensive; so to avoid their company, I came to London, where I intend shortly to be married.

Crast. Married!—to whom?

Conn. I have not as yet decided that; but, I think, amongst such a number of beautiful females that I see in this town, an Irishman cannot be at a loss where to choose.

Crast. Can you suppose that such a little figure as you—

Conn. My little figure! There it is, now. Upon my honour, I believe the people of this country expect every Irishman to be six or seven feet high. Yet, although I want the tow'ring stature of many of my countrymen, still I conceive that when I appear in public, the smartness of my figure, and the gentility of my manners, will make a favourable impression.

Crast. Ay; we'll call you the Irish miniature.

Conn. With all my heart! for miniatures, you know, are always hung round the necks of the ladies.—But come, let us three spend the evening together.

Crast. Agreed.

Enter the Waiter.

Waiter. Sir, the coach is at the door.

Crast. I'll come directly. (Going).

Conn. What, in your gown and slippers?

Crast. Zounds, I forgot!—Waiter! bring my coat, my shirt—my—am engag'd to a dinner party—then to the Opera—then to a rout—then—no matter—I'll sit up with you all the night, then I shall be ready for my engagements to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Mr. PIMENTA's.*

Enter Mr. PIMENTA and HENRY.

Pimen. I tell you, Mr. Mortimer, that Lady Janet grows every day more unreasonable—she not only ridicules my city manners, but turns my house into the Temple of Folly.

Henry. I am very sorry to hear it, Sir.

Pimen. The care and education of her children are now neglected for the company of Mr. Sympathy, the poet, who frequents different parties, to amuse them by his recitations of plays, novels, and verses of his own composition: whole mornings are consum'd in listening to the distresses of some heroine of romance.

Henry. Pray, Sir, do not you expect your ward, Miss Danvers, in town to-night?

Pimen. Yes; she comes to London to receive the fortune left her by her father. For these ten years past she has liv'd, you know, buried in the country, with an old uncle, who is lately dead.—If report speak truth, your visits to the uncle gain'd the niece, and you, they say, are to be the master of her hand and wealth.

Henry. I hope that she will find a more deserving man; one who is better able to protect such matchless virtue.

Pimen. That's a fib, young man; for with all

your demure looks, and modest declaration, you would fight like a lion, rather than resign her to another.—(*A loud knocking*).—Hark! she's arriv'd!—Shall *I*, or *you*, go to receive her?

Henry. I will not give *you* that trouble, Sir.

Pimen. Nor deprive yourself of the pleasure.

[*Exit Henry*.

—What a contrast will Emily be to Lady Janet! The one is all simplicity, truth, and feeling; the other all levity, pride, and art. Perhaps her innocent society may wean my wife from the frivolous connexions she has made. Heaven grant it may be so!—Here she comes.

Enter Miss EMILY DANVERS, followed by HENRY.

My dear Miss Danvers, you are welcome to my house and heart! (*Embracing her*).

Emily. My good Sir, I thank you for your cordial, kind reception of the orphan Emily! Guardian, give me your hand—yours too, Mr. Mortimer. I rejoice to see you both. I am overjoy'd at this meeting. I have lost my only relative—my poor old uncle—but I now press the hands of two dear, dear friends, and I—I—(*bursts into tears*).—Pardon these tears—they are messengers of joy, the bursting heart sends forth to speak its gratitude.

Pimen. I hope you had a pleasant journey from the North?

Emily. Why, tho' *I* travell'd, my thoughts were fix'd upon the peaceful village where I had pass'd my infant years, and I wept to leave behind me those, that I once most dearly lov'd.

Henry. The gaieties of London, Miss Danvers, will soon obliterate those rural scenes.

Emily. I hope not, Mr. Mortimer; for there

the tenderest attachments of my heart were form'd.

Enter JOHN WOULDs.

Well, John, have you seen that all the things are taken out of the chaise ?

John. Yees, Miss. The Lunnuners be vary civil sort o'bodies ; for you mun knowa, that a vary smart gentleman wouldn't suffer I to lug your heavy box fra behind chaise, for he zaid-as how, that I mun be deadly sore a'ter so wearisome a journey, and zo I be. Well, if he didn't clap box upon his awn head—now wain't that moartal koind o' him !

Pimen. Where did he put it ?

John. Int' house, I do suppose ; for I didn't loike to order him about as thof he'd been a zarvant, because he wor a gentleman.

Henry. A gentleman ! a sharper !—Let us pursue him.

John. A sharper !—by gum, I thought there were nane sharper than I'll Yorkshiremon.—Ize a'ter him. *[Running out after Henry.]*

Emily. I hope, my dear Sir, that Mr. Mortimer's fears are groundless, for the trunk contain'd my clothes, and other articles of value.

Pimen. I will go, and instantly lodge an information at all the public offices.

Enter HENRY and JOHN WOULDs.

Henry. Your trunk is safe, Miss Danvers—a passer by, observ'd the whole affair, pursued the scoundrel, and sav'd your property.

Emily. I thank you, Sir.

Pimen. John, you must be more upon your guard in future.

John. I will—I will indeed.—For fra this toime I weill take ev'ry gentlemon for a sharper.

Pimen. You are come to a dangerous town, John, beware of evil company.

John. Oh, bless your heart, I shall keep na company but young mistress here.

Emily. I was in hopes to have been welcom'd by Lady Janet; but I suppose she's in the nursery.

Pimen. No, my dear, she's just gone out to dinner.

Emily. To dinner! why 'tis seven o'clock!

John. You mistake; zupper the gentlemon do mean.

Emily. Hush, John.

Pimen. 'Tis the fashionable hour of dining, at the West End of the Town.

John. I do hoap, Zur, *owr* house bean't at West end o' town, or I shall be quite famish'd—Ize like to get a lunch afore dinner, else my poor stomach will be mortal squeamish.

Emily. John, you forget yourself: you must not talk in company.

John. Why then Miss, I must never speak at all, for I never talk to mysen.

Emily. You'll excuse him, Mr. Pimenta; he has a simple, but an honest heart.

Pimen. No apologies, Miss Danvers: I think him highly amusing.

Emily. Go down, John, and join the rest of the servants.

John. I dan't loike, Miss, to gang among strange folks, wi'out somebody do show I t'way,—Ize bashful loike, afore company, for you know Ize but a Yorkshiremon.

Pimen. Come, John, I will shew you into the servants' hall.

John. Will you, Zur? that be maine good o' you. Pray, Zur, may I be zo bold as to ax, if thic be assizes or race week, that there be such a bonny sight of folk i' th' town?

Pimen. Neither, John.

John. No! why only to think, Miss, that all t' neighbours should flock together, to zee you and I com'd up to Lunnun. They ha' paid us great respect loike, for t' bells wor ringing in zome of the churches, and all the streets be luminated.

[*Exeunt Pimenta and John.*]

Emily. Henry, why so thoughtful? your looks are not so cheerful as when I saw you last; nor did you welcome me (at least I fancied so), with all that warmth of joy, long parted friends receive on meeting.

Henry. You wrong me, Emily! there's not that being in the world, so precious to my sight as you—I only wish you had continued in the North.

Emily. What, you fear that a rude unpolish'd country girl, as I am, will disgrace your choice?

Henry. Disgrace! My dear Miss Danvers, your person, drest in all the modest graces of unconscious excellence, will shame the studied beauties of the town; whilst the superior virtues of your mind will make grey wisdom fall in love.

Emily. Why, what a havoc shall I make then, with the hearts of young and old! But to let you see that I think my person wants improvement after the fatigues of this day's journey, I shall, at this early hour, retire to rest, and in the morning, rise with renovated strength, and with additional bloom; then, Lud o'mercy on the hearts of

all the black, brown, and grey-headed gentlemen
in London ! Henry, good night !

Henry. Heaven bless you, Emily, and angels
watch your slumbers !

[Exeunt separately.]

END OF ACT I.

Act II.

SCENE I.

*An Apartment at Mr. PIMENTA'S.**Enter Mr. PIMENTA and HENRY.*

Henry. Believe me, Sir, the credit of our house is shaken.

Pimen. Shaken!—your fears, Henry, magnify the danger.

Henry. No, Sir, the produce of your plantation is unsold, and tradesmen's bills have been so long unpaid, that creditors grow clamorous and rude.

Pimen. What's to be done?

Henry. I could, but fear, to counsel you.

Pimen. Speak without reserve.

Henry. Retrench your gay expences.

Pimen. How!

Henry. Dismiss that useless crowd of servants, who, like locusts, swallow up the fruits of industry. Banish from your house those visitors, who, whilst they banquet at your board, would hear your ruin with indifference.

Pimen. Without we follow the example of our wealthy neighbours, how can we live respected by the world?

Henry. That man supports his character the best, who lives within his income. 'Tis the false pride of equalling the great, that swells the catalogue of bankrupt citizens.

Pimen. Remember too, 'tis the generous emu-

lation to be great, that swells the catalogue of British Heroes.

Henry. When I behold our citizens, free and independent, watch with a jealous eye their charter'd liberties ; when I behold them aid with patriotic gifts the cause of struggling freedom, or see them rigidly discharge their trusts, as faithful guardians of our public charities ; then I exclaim with pride,—These are indeed our English Merchants ! But when I view the Sons of Commerce, desert the City for the brilliant squares, and imitate the follies and the vices of the great, then with a sigh, I oft compare them to the setting sun, which rises in the East, to lose its brightness in the West !

Pimen. That observation cannot glance to me. The mansion which my father left me in the City, is still the residence of my family in town.

Henry. But where's the ample fortune which your father left you ?

Pimen. That question, Sir, from you ! Can no remembrance of my bounty—

Henry. Oh, Sir, wrong not my speech so far, as to suppose my heart forgets your kindness. From other lips than yours, I have been told the story of my life—left by unfeeling parents at your door, your hospitable roof receiv'd me.

Pimen. Henry, forbear ! I did not mean to—

Henry. With a parent's tender care, you placed me where poor and orphan children receive the best instruction and support. Bless'd Hospital ! the noblest monument of Edward's deeds. Long may thy walls remain the refuge of the young and helpless ! May never imposition wrong the royal founder's gift, nor sordid avarice abuse the charity ! Then shall many a son of poverty, like me, with grateful bosom bless his benefactor's name (*kneeling*).

Pimen. (*affected, and raising him*). Henry, I've been to blame! Pardon the hasty words a ruffled mind pronounced—you owe me nothing.

Henry. Owe you nothing! Have you not raised me from an abject state, to be the partner of your house; and when I see it tottering to decay, shall I not strive to prevent its fall?

Lady JANET sings without.

“ What can a young lassie,
 “ What shall a young lasse,
 “ What can a young lassie
 “ Do wi' an auld man ?”

Pimen. There's Lady Janet! Whenever she wishes to provoke me, she plagues me with her Scotch dialect.

Enter Lady JANET, with a Book, singing.

“ Bad luck on the pennie
 “ That tempted my minnie
 “ To sell her poor Jenny,
 “ For siller and lan!”

Lady Janet. Sweetest of bards! thy wild notes charm me. My husband here!—he has vex'd me this morning, so I'll tease him (*aside*): Oh! Henry, how do you do? Are you an admirer, Mr. Mortimer, of my favourite poet, Burns?

Henry. I am indeed, Lady Janet. He was a northern light of poesy.

Lady J. A northern light indeed! for his genius shone through the long and dreary night of poverty. Are you fond of the Poets, Mr. Mortimer? Do you ever court the Muses?

Henry. Sometimes, Madam; but those ladies, unlike our modern belles, do not smile on all who woo them.

Lady J. They are as imprudent though, for they often run away with a young fellow without a penny—*(To Mr. Pimen.)* Ah! I ken ye noo, my gude mon—gi' us a wag o' your loof—*(To Henry)*, I was observing that these high-minded ladies bestowing their favours upon men of genius—*(To Mr. Pimen.)* How's a'wi' you, this bonny day?

Pimen. Ill enough, Lady Janet.

Lady J. I am vary sorry—vary sorry indeed—you mun tak advice.

Pimen. I wish you would *(aside)*.

Lady J. *(to Henry)*. These very accomplish'd maidens, the Muses—*(To Mr. Pimen.)* You luck unco mournfu!—*(To Henry)*, Are often starving in the highest floor in the house.

Henry. Shame upon the wealthy, who can suffer them to languish in such obscurity.

Lady J. Very true—but these ladies, you know, happen to be old maids, and no man of taste or fashion would select such antiquated objects for their mistresses—*(To Mr. Pimen.)* You did nae yearn for sic a wife, my Joe John?

Pimen. If men, Madam, would but consider how much the virtues of the mind are preferable to the artificial graces of the form—

Lady J. That's a vary sensible remark, and I I boo to you for the elegant compliment *(curtsies)*—*(To Henry)*, Well, I vow I will never suffer that delightful fellow, Sympathy, to read to me any more—*(To Mr. Pimen.)* You mun ken he has made me sae dolefu'. Oh! he does recite a tragedy sae pathetically—I wish you had heard him.

Pimen. A tragedy! the scenes of real woe—of sharp domestic grief—affect me most.

Lady J. Ye hae nae true sensibility then; but

you are mistaken if you think the fable was nae truth—(*To Henry*), It was a play called *The Widow of Malabar*, where a young and beautiful woman burns herself on the funeral pile of her deceased husband.

Pimen. Indeed! there are few modern instances of such conjugal affection.

Lady J. (*To Mr. Pimen.*) Oh! 'twas awfu'; and the worst of a', her husband was an auld mon—I'm muckle glad I was nae born on that horrid coast. Mr. Mortimer, you'll attend my rout to-morrow—I have issued two hundred cards of invitation.

Henry. Two hundred! how can you possibly receive so many guests?

Lady J. There's not an apartment in the house but what has been fitted up at great expence and taste—even the counting-house is to be transformed into an Egyptian catacomb, and the garrets to a temple of the Muses.

Henry. Very emblematical indeed, Madam.

Enter JOHN WOULDs.

John. Odz heart, Measter Mortimer, I'se be vary glad to find you. I went to counting-house ater you; but they be a gutting it out, as they did tell I, to make a gypsey—a gypsey cats-combe;—aye, that be t' name o't, so I com'd into this room to look for you.

Henry. What's the matter, honest John Woulds?

John. Why, you mun know that young mistress and I went to morning a shopping together, i't' carriage, only shu rode at inside and I rode at out. We bought a mortal sight o' fine things to be zure; but a driving whoam at corner o' t' next street, the coach wur overturn'd, and I wur flung souce in t'ed mud.

Henry. The carriage overtun'd! Heavens! was my dear Emily hurt?

John. No, no, dan't ye be frightened; shu ben't dead; shu's no but speechless.

Henry. Speechless! oh, let me hasten to her assistance. John, shew me the way.

John. To be sure I will.

[*Exeunt Henry and John.*]

Pimen. Lady Janet, did you not hear? Emily my ward's in danger. Will you not go with me to give your help?

Lady J. I hae nae sal-volatile about me.

Pimen. No, Madam, nor any feeling in your heart, to stand thus unconcern'd.

Lady J. Mercy on me, how you storm! I'm ganging; you need nae be so unco fashious—I'm ganging. [Exit.]

Pimen. Her thoughtless levity at this moment is doubly cruel! 'Tis more than I can bear. Yet let me do her justice; she knows not of my danger, but thinks my means are equal to her wishes. I must awake her from this dream of happiness; my duty urges me to undeceive her, and yet the fondness of a husband trembles at the task.

Enter Lady JANET and EMILY, supported by HENRY and Mr. CONNAUGHT, Mr. CRASTINUS following.

Emily. I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind attention.

Conn. (*leading Emily to a chair*). Don't be afraid, my dear, of leaning too hard upon me, for I'm never so happy as when I'm walking arm in arm with a beautiful woman.

Crast. (*pushing Connaught away*). My friend, Madam, is an excellent walking-stick.

Conn. I am, Madam, and I'll keep off all puppies that dare approach you (*resuming his situation*).

Pimen. Gentlemen, I consider myself highly indebted to your humanity for the care you have taken of my ward.

Lady J. I must also add my thanks on the same occasion.

Crast. (*bowing*). Oh! Madam, don't trouble yourself now—to-morrow will do as well—(*To Mr. Pimenta*), Your daughter, I presume—

Pimen. (*sighing*). No, Sir, my wife.

Lady J. (*sighing*). Yes, I am his wife.

Crast. Yes, yes, I know—that is, I see by both your looks, you must be man and wife.

Conn. How do you find yourself, Madam? (*to Emily*).

Emily. Perfectly recover'd, Sir. I'm a sad coward; every little accident affects my spirits—I'm only sorry for the trouble the alarm has occasion'd to you, gentlemen.

Crast. It has generally been my unlucky fate to be too late to do any good, either to myself or to others: but, in the present instance, I rejoice, Madam, that I came time enough to render service to a lovely and accomplished lady.

Conn. Don't mention the word trouble, my sweet creature; for I declare upon my honour and conscience, that I felt the greatest pleasure in seeing the carriage overturn'd, because it gave me a fine opportunity of raising a fallen angel.

Emily. I'm afraid, Sir, as you express it, that I am a fallen angel; for I have been driven out of paradise.

Lady J. You surely don't call the village where you lived, Miss Danvers, the seat of paradise?

Emily. Indeed I do, Lady Janet, for there dwelt Peace and innocence.

Lady J. Yes, and like paradise, your uncle and yourself were the only two rational beings who ever liv'd there; the rest were all brutes.

Pimen. You forget, Lady Janet, that I was born and educated there.

Lady J. Weel I voo, Mr. Pimenta, I'm vary sorry for the remark—I did nae remember—my foolish head is a'way bringing disgrace upon ma heart.

Conn. Upon my honour, but that Lady has two tongues—she shoots with a double barrel gun.
(*Aside.*)

Pimen. Miss Danvers, I rejoice, my dearest girl, at your safety—gentlemen, you will excuse my absence—I must attend Change! [*Exit.*]

Crast. Change! well I'll go there too, for I want to speak to my broker about buying in—no, selling out.

Conn. But Mr Crastinus, you bade me remind you that you were to meet your solicitor to-day, upon most particular business.

Crast. Egad! so I was—I must be gone directly—twelve was the hour of appointment—but—(*looks at his watch*) 'tis now past two—no matter—let him wait.

Conn. Ay, ay—let the attorney wait—gentlemen of the law are used to delays.

Lady J. Gentlemen—if you are not engaged, I shall be happy in your companies at my rout to-morrow night.

Crast. To-morrow! Oh yes, Madam, I will do myself that honour.

Conn. Why zounds, man, don't you remember that you are engaged to another rout—that you are to be married to-morrow.

Crast. Faith—so I am—well, but I can put it off till the next day, you know.

Conn. So you can—say that you forgot it.

Henry. What, Sir! treat your mistress with contempt—and consent to postpone your own happiness?

Crast. Happiness! I thought I told you I was going to be married.

Henry. Is it not the greatest happiness, to be united to the woman of your affections?

Crast. Affection! that is a word seldom used in modern courtship; now, for instance—the Lady I am about to marry, was not my choice.

Henry. No, Sir!

Crast. No, Sir— a friend made up the match—its quite the fashion, saves courtship, and waste of time.

Emily. And do you not love her, then?

Crast. Love her!—Never saw her but twice, and then I was in such a hurry, I scarcely saw her face.

Emily. And can you, Sir, thus sacrifice the noblest passion of the human mind, to paltry gold?

Lady J. Why would not you, Miss Emily, marry for fortune or a title?

Emily. No, Madam; if I were a cottage-maid, I'd place my heart upon some lowly swain, no better than myself, that no upbraidings of degraded pride, should e'er remind me of my humble birth.

Lady J. Oh, you romantic girl! and who do you mean, in your present situation, to honour with your hand?

Emily. Him who has got my heart (*looking at Henry.*)

Lady J. A fair confession—you own yourself in love.

Emily. Yes, Lady Janet— I'm not ashamed to own it, because the object is deserving of esteem.

Conn. By St. Patrick, but she means me—for

she glanced her eyes this way, and shone upon me like a beautiful rainbow. (*Aside*).

Crast. Some man of fashion, I suppose?

Emily. Of the old fashion, Sir, for he's rich in honour, constancy and truth—in every thing but wealth.

Conn. That's me! she's drawn my likeness to a hair—I'll take the first opportunity of calling upon her alone—run away with her, and make her Mrs. Connaught. (*Aside*).

Crast. I must pen a short note of apology to the bride, and acquaint her that I am particularly engaged to-morrow, and therefore must delay our marriage, till the next morning—If it were not too much trouble. I wou'd ask the favor of you, Connaught, to deliver it to the Lady.

Conn. Och! you may command my service to the ladies on all occasions.—I'm not ashamed of being Cupid's postman.

Lady J. Pray, Sir, don't suffer your politeness to me, to interfere with your more weighty concerns.

Crast. You are right, Madam, marriage is a weighty matter.

Conn. If men will be always complaining of the weight of marriage, and become careless of the load, 'tis no great wonder that so many husbands have their goods destroy'd, or stolen from their hands.

Crast. Come, Connaught, accompany me to the coffee-house, and I'll write the letter directly—Ladies, your most obedient—I'll see you again in the evening at the rout.

Conn. You forget! Lady Janet named to-morrow night.

Crast. But I'm sure I'm engaged somewhere to-night.

Conn. You promised to meet your creditors this evening.

Crast. Did I? Well, I don't wonder at my forgetting that—I can't keep my word, tho'; for now I recollect, I am obliged to attend the Beef-steak Club—I'm a member, and can introduce a friend; and if either of you Ladies wish to go—What am I talking of?—I forgot no females are admitted.—Ladies, adieu till to-morrow. [*Exit.*]

Conn. Lady Janet, your most obedient—Sir, (*to Henry*), good morning.—That young gentleman may be a man of information, but he's as silent as a milestone (*aside*).—Miss Emily, I am really yours—that affair's settled.—Och, Connaught, Connaught, you are the very devil among the women! (*aside*). [*Exit.*]

Emily. Oh! how I pity the fate of the unhappy girl, doom'd to become the neglected wife of Mr. Crastinus.

Lady J. My dear girl, if you compassionate the state of all the neglected wives in London, I shall never see you smile in my company (*sighs*).

Henry. And don't you think, Lady Janet, that neglected husbands—

Lady J. That's very true, what you were about to say. But we'll drop the dull discourse of matrimony, and speak of the more pleasing theme of love.—So, my Lady fair, your heart is touch'd and—(*going to Henry*)—are not *you*, too, a dying swain?

Henry. Really, Lady Janet, I—I—I—

Lady J. I—I—I—Poor man, how he blushes! Ha! ha! ha! let me look at you—No, you are not deeply in love—your complexion is too florid, and there never was a true lover with such rosy-colour'd cheeks.

Emily. You wrong him, Lady Janet—my Henry—

Lady J. My Henry!—Oh, oh!—very well, Miss Danvers—so the secret's out!—What, cou'd you not let the young man speak for himself? How mute he stands!—Is that the way you make love? Come, sing with me the verse of an old Scotch ballad. (*Sings*).

“ My heart is sare, I dae nae tell ;

“ My heart is sare for somebody ;

“ I cou'd range the world around,

“ For the sake of somebody.”

[*Exit.*

Emily. I'm afraid, Henry, as Lady Janet observes, that you are not stricken to the heart.

“ Could you range the world around,

“ For the sake of somebody?”

Henry. My dearest Emily, let me not trifle with a liberal mind—a cloud hangs o'er my fate, which soon may burst, and overwhelm me in the torrent. If I should happily escape the threatened storm, with transport I will claim you as my bride. But never, with the coward feelings of a drowning wretch, will I, to save myself from sinking, basely cling to you, and draw you to that whirlpool, where we both must perish. [*Exit.*

Emily. What does he mean? what are the dangers which he so much fears? Perhaps he has been unfortunate in trade—then why not tell me so?—why not draw upon me for any money that he wants? The greatest pleasure we derive from riches, is the power that Fortune gives us to bestow them on the worthy.

Enter JOHN WOULDs.

Well, John, what brought you here?

John. Oh, Miss! what do you think?

Emily. Why that melancholy face and tone?

John. Wi' submission, I be com'd to talk wi' you a bit.

Emily. Talk with me!

John. Ees.—From what I ha' heard and seen sin I been com'd here, I'se afraid we be got into a bad house.

Emily. A bad house!—explain yourself.

John. Why I don't think that this house be safe for us to bide in.

Emily. Why it's not going to fall down, is it, John?

John. Ees, it be fast tumbling to the ground—that is, the owners on't, I mean—They be in a queerish sort o' way, I'se cartain sure.

Emily. Indeed! Who told you this?

John. Why 't be all shew and no brass here.—Bless your heart, none o' them fine things that you do see i' t' rooms here, be their own.

Emily. No!

John. No.—For would you believe it—not a stick of them moveables be paid for.

Emily. Well, but John—that's a very common case—it is customary for tradesmen to give some credit.

John. Ees, and a plaguy long credit they do give here—for they don't get paid at all.—In my mind, we had better take ourselves and trunks out on't—and that will be the wisest thing you and I can do.

Emily. Why, surely, John, you don't suspect that any in this house—

John. I don't knaw—but gentlefolks as do run in debt, and won't pay their tradesmen's noates, in my mind, can't be vary honest people.

Emily. Why, who has been derried their money?

John. Every body that do ax for it to-day, be tould to call again to-morrow—but you do know, Miss, that be all fudge—for to-morrow is a ghaist that appears auver night, but do vanish i' t' morning.—There's a sweet little body in the hall, sobbing away as thof her poor heart wor' bursten.—Lady Janet has ow'd her a bill of 150*l.* this three years, and shu can't get yane ha'penny, thof shu do say, if shu be not paid to-day, she mun tumble to pieces in t' morning.

Emily. A tradeswoman in distress! denied the well-earn'd wages of honest industry?—Here, John, take this note ('tis all my wealth at present), and give it to her.

John. I will, Miss.—Lord love your kind heart! what a sweet creature she is!—(*aside*). You are just like me—for I do love to dry up the tears of a pratty lass. (*Going*).

Emily. Stop, John!—He may make some mistake (*aside*).—Return that note—I'll give it to the young woman myself; for a kindness is doubly soothing to the afflicted, when pity modestly bestows the offering of compassion. [*Exit*].

John. This be a comical sort of a house that Mistress and I be got into, sure enough—in my mind, I, and Miss Emily, and Mr. Mortimer, be the only sensible folks that be in it—all the rest, I do believe, are mad, or fouels, or knaves.—I'll be hanged if I didn't see my Lady's maid, rub her own face all auver wi' some ruddle—and a silly chap of a footman ax'd I, if I didn't keep a mistress? I said, no, you fool, that mistress do keep I.—He

then ax'd if I didn't mean to keep a girl, now I was com'd up to Lunnun? I said, yees, that I should maintain sister—at which the fellow grinn'd, and call'd I a quiz, a Yorkshire oaf.—Dang it—if I mun keep a woman, it shall be my auld mother, Margery—or if a girl, my little sister Dolly. [Exit.

END OF ACT II.

Act III.

SCENE I.

*Mr. DUPLEX's.**Enter Miss DUPLEX and JENNY.*

Jenny. Do you think, Miss, that my master, Mr. Duplex, will be elected?

Miss Dup. Yes Jenny, for pa' has serv'd the offices of High-constable, Overseer, and Churchwarden, with great renown. Not a vestry was called but my pa' was always there, and the longest and the loudest speaker. If the parish has any spirit, if the city has any discernment, they will elect my pa' to be Deputy of Candlewick Ward.

Jenny. And won't master be a Halderman too?

Miss Dup. Certainly, Jenny.

Jenny. And the great Lord Mayor of Lunnun, Miss?

Miss Dup. Yes, Jenny, with pride I look forward to the day when my pa' will be the Chief Magistrate of the biggest city in the world. Then, Jenny, I shall be the Lady Mayoress, and do the honours of Guildhall—I shall open the ball with some great man—the papers, next day, will describe my dress, my elegance, my affability, and the toasts that were drank by the noble Lords.

Jenny. What, Miss, will Lords visit my master?

Miss Dup. Yes, Jenny, whenever he gives a great dinner.

Mr. Dup. (*without*). Where's Sukey, my daughter?

Miss Dup. Here's pa' come home—get you down, Jenny. [*Exit Jenny.*]

Enter Mr. DUPLEX.

Well, pa', shall I give you joy? shall I salute you by the name of Mr. *Deputy Duplex*?

Dup. Yes, Sukey, but I had nearly lost it.

Miss Dup. Lost it! how?

Dup. You shall hear. To ensure my success, I thought I would, like our candidates at the last general election, address the voters in a set speech. I rose from my seat—smil'd—bow'd—put my hand to my heart, thus, and harangued them in the following manner:—"Gentlemen, Liverymen of the City of London, if I shall be so happy as to be deem'd worthy of the honor I aspire to, I pledge my word—I *pawn* my faith—" at that moment, Mr. Patty, the confectioner, bawl'd out, "*Flummery, Master Duplex!*"—I was so confounded, that instead of concluding my speech, as I intended, with promising to defend the rights and privileges of my fellow citizens—hang me if I didn't stammer out, "that I would sell them all, in twelve months, as so many unredeem'd pledges."

Miss Dup. La, what a blunder—I hope, pa', they won't publish your speech in the newspapers.

Dup. No, not the one I *spoke*, but another, which I copied from an old magazine, and sent to all the different editors an hour before I went to the Hall.

Miss Dup. I wish you joy, pa'—and now when am I to give a supper and a ball in honour of your new dignity?

Dup. A supper and a ball ! who ever thinks of such things after the election is over ? No, no—a cup of tea, and a turn-out.

Miss Dup. Why, pa', there's not a tradesman in the City but gives a rout three or four times a year—I am sure I read their names, every week, in the Sunday-papers.

Dup. Yes, so do I—amongst the list of bankrupts. But, Sukey, has Mr. Crastinus, your intended husband—

Miss Dup. Husband ! I'm not likely to have one soon—for Mr. Crastinus pays me no attention—never comes near me. He wrote me word, indeed, that he would attend me to the Opera, last night—yet, though I waited at home the whole evening to receive him, he never call'd.

Dup. No matter—I am anxious for the match—for tho', as the younger of duplicates, twins I mean, he lost the family estate, yet the will of an uncle bequeath'd him one of equal value, which his extravagance now obliges him to pawn—no, hang that word—to mortgage to me. Now, I have propos'd to advance the money necessary to pay all his debts, provided he marries you, and settles the whole estate on you and on your children.

Miss Dup. Do you think, pa', he'll consent to the conditions ?

Dup. His necessities will compel him.—Hard as the alternative may be, a man would rather have a wife than a bailiff at his heels—in short, we have fix'd to-morrow for the wedding.

Miss Dup. To-morrow ! so soon ! dear pa', you don't say so ?—But as Mr. Crastinus has so bad a memory, perhaps he may forget he ever married me.

Dup. No, no ! a man never can forget the

day he married; for most wives take excellent care to remind their husbands of it.

Enter READY.

Well, Ready, any valuable pledges to shew me?

Ready. No, master.

Miss Dup. Master! Is that your manners? Mr. *Deputy Duplex*, you blockhead.

Ready. Oh then he has got it! hey! oh! very well Miss. Here's a letter for Mr. *Deputy Duplex*. [*Exit.*]

Dup. (looking over it). Read it, Sukey, for I've left my spectacles in my black velvets.

Miss Dup. (reading). "The Lord Mayor"—bless me, a letter from the Lord Mayor—"congratulates Mr. Deputy Duplex, and the City, on their election this day, and requests the honour of the Deputy's, and his Daughter's company at the Mansion-house, on Monday evening, to a dinner and a ball."

Dup. There's an honour, Sukey! a dinner and a ball!

Miss Dup. A ball! But what will you do, pa'? Is it necessary for every Deputy to dance?

Dup. No, Suk'; we are only expected to eat.

Miss Dup. That you can do very well. Hadn't I, pa', better take a few lessons at Mr. Hopkins's dancing academy for grown people? for, as I was never taught, I may be awkward, and put my partner out.

Dup. Yes, yes, take a few guineas' worth of hops. I don't grudge, on the present occasion, to have your feet instructed in all the politest jigs and hornpipes.

Enter READY.

Ready. There's some people want you in the shop, Mr. Deputy Duplex.

Dup. I'll come. Sukey, do you know, that both Pimenta and Henry opposed my election, in favour of my rival? but I will be reveng'd; for I have a bill and bond on the house, and if it be not paid, disgrace and ruin shall attend the firm.

[*Exit* Duplex.]

Ready. Miss Duplex, next Monday my time is out; so some apprentices and I mean to give a genteel hop that night, at Pewterers'-hall—now if you would condescend to come—

Miss Dup. Stop, fellow! Know your distance. It does not become the daughter of Mr. Deputy Duplex to keep company with City apprentices. Pewterers'-hall, indeed! The Mansion-house—the Lord Mayor—the Egyptian hall! [*Exit.*]

Ready. There's a pawnbroker's daughter! What a change! Sukey Duplex, who many a winter's night would come down and play at romps, and eat broil'd sprats in the kitchen, now turns up her nose at Lunnun 'prentices! the smartest, the most dashing, the most useful members of the City! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Mr. PIMENTA's.

Enter Mr. PIMENTA and HENRY.

Henry. What is it you tell me, Sir, that Duplex threatens to strike a docket, unless the draft and bond we gave him, are paid to-morrow?

Pim. 'Tis too true, Henry. In this hour of danger and disgrace, 'tis you alone can save us!

Henry. Name but the means, and be it link'd to honour, I will hazard life, to save my benefactor!

Pimen. You shall not buy my safety at so dear a price. Preserve your life for one who loves you—marry my ward.

Henry. Sir!

Pimen. Her fortune will restore our house's credit.

Henry. And ruin mine.

Pimen. Young man, this is the nonsense of romance.

Henry. No, Sir, 'tis the sense of honour! What, on the very eve of bankruptcy, shall I dishonourably wed, seize on the orphan's dow'r, and give the fruits of honest industry a father left, to feed the appetite of greedy creditors?

Pimen. You are too warm, young man.

Henry. Too warm! Oh, Sir, can you, who in the principles of virtue have so often lesson'd my youthful mind—say, can *you*, her guardian, her protector, counsel such a scheme? A plan, that would reduce to beggary the generous girl that gave me all!

Pimen. Henry, there was a time when my sentiments of justice were as pure as yours; but now, the clamorous voice of creditors has scar'd away the nicer feelings of the soul.

Henry. Reason will call the wanderers home again.

Pimen. Consult your safety—leave my house—and whilst the vultures of the law prey on my mangled substance, seek out some distant, happier shelter.

Henry. No, Sir, let me be left to face the

storm. No father will bewail my loss, no mother weep for me. A wife and children cling to you; and if the tree should fall, the branches must decay.

Pimen. Generous man! My weak forbearance of a wife's extravagance, has undone us all; and I deserve no pity from the good.

Henry. Come, Sir, rouse your spirits—Remove hence, until the danger's past—I will endeavour to ward off the blow; or, should it strike me to the earth, still will I not despair, but trust to that benignant Power, whose mercy saved the foundling, to support the man! *[Exit.*

Pimen. Soon, Lady Janet, will the phantom, Pleasure, disappear; soon will your gay associates leave you to lament their broken friendships!

Enter LADY JANET.

Lady J. Are you there, my dear? I'm glad to see you, for I want some money.

Pimen. I've none to give you, Madam.

Lady J. I'll tease him for that refusal *(aside)*. Oh, stocks are doon, I see, to day! Weel, weel, I'll borrow a few punds of your ward *(going)*.

Pimen. Stay, Madam.

Lady J. No, I dunna like your company, when you are so unco fashious.

Pimen. Madam, Madam, you shall stay. I wish to talk seriously with you.

Lady J. That is, you want to lecture me aboot prudence, economy, and ither sic like unfashionable topics. But I ha' heard those lessons sae often dinn'd into ma lugs, that I am quite perfect, and can repeat them a' by heart.

Pimen. Practice them by heart, and then you might indeed be perfect.

Lady J. I would, but I ha' nae leisure on my haunds.

Pimen. In one word, Madam, I must request that you will be less lavish of your time and money, and more attentive to the duties of a wife and mother.

Lady J. Hoot awa! You would ha' me sit at hame wi' my deary, darn stockings, mak' puddings, and nurse my bairns?

Pimen. No, Madam, but I would have you think a wife's best friend to be her husband, and that a mother's safest company is the infant-prattle of her children.

Lady J. Vary weel, vary weel, Mr. Pimenta. I ken your meaning, Sir; you would ha' me close my doors to a' the fashionable world; but, let me tell you, mon of trade—

Pimen. Madam, Madam, if reason cannot check your pride, nor stop your mad career—

Lady J. Mercy on me, how you froon! how frightfu' you look! You are as awfu' as the wooden giants of Guildha'!

Pimen. And you as senseless; for, like those, you never mark the fleeting hours, or listen to the warning voice of time. Lady Janet, if folly has not choak'd up ev'ry passage of the heart, I will assail it's feelings! Your waste and dissipation will undo me. Reform your habits, or destruction—

Enter Miss DANVERS, Mr. CRASTINUS, and Mr. JUVENILE.

Crast. I have to beg your pardon, Lady Janet, for being so late.

Lady J. So late, why, my good Sir, I did not expect you here at all. However, we are happy in the unlook'd-for pleasure.

Crast. I thought I had promis'd to dine with you to-day. Oh, now I remember—'twas at the west end of the town.—No matter—to-morrow will do as well.

Emily. Give me leave to introduce my cousin, Mr. Juvenile, who is lately married.

Pim. Indeed! Poor man! (*aside.*)

Juv. Yes, Sir, I have that happiness—

Pim. I'm glad, Sir, that *you find* it a happiness.

Lady J. I dar' say, Mr. Pimenta, that the gentleman is a very kind, and indulgent husband.

Crast. She must be some prodigy, for he is so careful of her, that he never suffers her to stir from home, but locks her up, like old china, for fear she should be broken.

Emily. My cousin, probably, prefers seeing a few select friends at his own house.

Crast. No, not a soul has he invited to see her, lest that this treasure should be stolen from the corner cupboard, I suppose.

Juv. Mrs. Juvenile, tho' in London, loves her husband, and retirement.

Crast. Ay, I said she was a prodigy!

Pim. I should be very glad to see such a wonder at *my* house, Sir.

Lady J. I shall be proud, Sir, to have the honor of your company, and that of Mrs. Juvenile's, at my rout, to-morrow night. We shall be all mirth and gaiety. I have engag'd three of the most celebrated singers in London, on the occasion, and hir'd Mr. Broad-grin, the famous mimic, who has promis'd to make us laugh the whole night long.

Emily. What, hire a person to make you laugh?

Crast. Yes, Miss Danvers; wits like these are the very spirit of an entertainment; without

such aid, the company, for want of conversation, would frequently fall fast asleep.

Emily. Really !

Crast. 'Tis an old custom ; our ancestors, you know, always kept their *fools* to entertain their guests.

Lady J. You are a merry jester, Sir. But say what you please, I doat upon all crowded assemblies. I was at Lady Betty Brilliant's, last week. Oh, the most delightful rout that had been given this season. Nothing but noise, and confusion—A true, fashionable mob ! It was full two hours before my carriage could draw up to the door, which was surrounded by an army of constables.

Emily. Constables !

Crast. Yes, to caution all who enter, to take care of their pockets.

Lady J. When I got into the hall, there was a violent scramble for refreshments ; all were as greedy as so many starv'd citizens of a besieg'd town. The heat was so excessive, that all the jellies and the ices were dissolv'd, and stream'd along the floor as tho' there had been a general thaw ! There was no possibility of advancing further than the top of the stairs, where I remain'd the whole night, like a general of an army, station'd on an eminence, looking down upon the combatants below !

Juv. Thank you, Lady Janet, for the description. Pray, Miss Emily, do you not long to witness such a lively scene of London manners ?

Emily. No, Sir ; the simple festival of harvest-home, in which I have often mingled, was a more pleasing picture of content and happiness.

Lady J. An harvest-home ! Come, my dear, you must own, that you had plenty of *fools* in that party.

Emily. No, Lady Janet, we had no *hireling-wit* engag'd to make us laugh. The ripen'd corn, gather'd and hous'd, the reapers met to celebrate their annual toil; 'twas *Nature's Jubilee*, for every creature's face beam'd with the smiles of gratitude to that Power, who had bestow'd the golden treasures of the year!

Lady J. And to conclude this pastoral scene, these rural swains of innocence, sup'd off the substantial fare of hot roast beef, and smoking plumb-puddings!

Pimen. And long may those blessings of Old English hospitality, comfort the labours of the toiling swain.

Crast. That was my sentiment the other night when I went to bed supperless.—The strangest accident—I was invited to a grand party—the evening was fine, so I walk'd—I was full of thought—thinking on what I was to do on the morrow—when I follow'd a crowd into a house—at the door stood a man, collecting money—I thought it odd—but as I knew it was the custom with some people of fashion, to make their guests pay for their cards, I concluded that the man who held the plate, was empower'd by the Lady of the Dwelling, to receive the tax, so I drop'd my money, and mov'd on with the crowd, when I was suddenly rous'd by a voice that roar'd out, “Be-elzebub will have you all, you sinful sinners!”—I started—look'd up, and discover'd, that instead of a drawing-room, I had got into a tabernacle.

Pimen. A whimsical mistake!

Crast. I hurried out of the meeting, got to the right house—join'd the circle—chatted with my friends—play'd at cards—when supper was announced, I elbow'd my way down stairs—squeez'd thro' the passages—seated myself at the table,

and was preparing to enjoy a most excellent repast, when the mistress of the house came up, and said, "Mr. Crastinus, we really have no room for you—Supper was not mention'd on your card—you are not invited—good night," and coolly curtsied me out of the house. Now this may be politeness in high life, but, hang me, if it would not be thought rude behaviour amongst any other class of society.

Pimen. You were not the only exception, I suppose?

Crast. No, Sir; but as I had lost all my money at the card-table, I thought I had paid extravagantly dear for my supper, and had a right to partake of the entertainment.—But bless my soul, I had quite forgot that I was subpoena'd. as a witness on a trial, this very day, in Westminster-hall. The cause was to have come on at ten, and 'tis now near five o'clock—well, I am but a few hours behind my time—I'll go directly (*going*).

Juv. You will be too late.

Crast. I'm afraid I shall (*returning*). Perhaps, as I was absent, they have put it off till to-morrow.

Lady J. Will you take your dinner with us, Gentlemen?

Juv. Madam, I will do myself that pleasure.

Crast. Unluckily, I have a prior engagement—however, I cannot resist so powerful a temptation, and will accept of your polite offer.

Lady J. This way, Gentlemen—Mr. Pimenta, you will hand down the Arcadian Shepherdess—roast-beef and plumb-puddings for supper in the dog-days!—Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt Lady Janet, Juvenile, Emily and Pimenta.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Is your name, Sir, Mr. Crastinus? (*to Mr. Crastinus, who is following the Party*).

Crast. It is.

Serv. A porter from the coffee-house, Sir, has brought this letter, and waits for an answer.

Crast. How the deuce did he know that I was here?

Serv. Saw you come in, Sir.

Crast. (*reading*). "As President of the Beef-steak Club, your immediate attendance is necessary—the dinner has been waiting a full hour, and the chair vacant."—Bless me, I must be gone directly—but I've engag'd myself here—send word to the Club, that I'll wait upon them to-morrow.

Serv. The Club meet but once a month, Sir.

Crast. That's true—well, I'll go (*going*).

Enter the 2d WAITER from the Coffee-house.

2d Waiter. I was desired, Sir, to give this letter into your own hands, directly.

Crast. (*reading*). "My dear George, according to your appointment, I was at the turnpike in Shoreditch, by three o'clock, where I have been waiting ever since, in the chaise, which is to convey us to Newmarket."—What a head mine is! promis'd to go to the races.—Run to the turnpike—go to the Beef-steak Club—tell my friend to stay in the chaise till I come to him—to-morrow—Tell the Gentlemen of the Club that I'll be at Newmarket in ten minutes—in the chair—at dinner—on the race-ground—tell 'em—zounds, tell 'em all, that I'm engag'd, and can't see them 'till to-morrow.

[*Exit after Pimenta's Party.*]

SCENE III.

*Mr. DUPLEX's.**Enter Miss DUPLEX and JENNY.*

Miss Dup. Is not the dancing-master come, Jenny?

Jenny. No, Miss.

Miss Dup. What message did he send?

Jenny. That he would come, as soon as he had learnt your Cousin, Mrs. Vaddle, the Halderman's wife, a Garman valtz.

Miss Dup. And did you call upon the French teacher?

Jenny. Yes, Miss; he had thirty ladies to visit in the course of the afternoon; but promis'd to be with you, the very moment he had done.

Enter READY.

Ready. A strange gentleman below wants to see you, Miss Deputy Duplex.

Miss Dup. Desire the gentleman to walk up.

Ready. I will—Miss Deputy Duplex. [*Exit.*

Miss Dup. I dare say 'tis the dancing-master—you must go down, Jenny.

Jenny. Pray, Ma'am, let me stay: for vile he's teaching you, I may learn a few of the steps.

Miss Dup. No, no, Jenny; you shall see me practise when he's gone.—I hear him coming—away! [*Exit Jenny.*

Enter Mr. CONNAUGHT.

Conn. I presume, that I have the honour of addressing the amiable Miss Duplex?

Miss Dup. What a charming man! (*aside*).—Yes, Sir, I am she—my pa's elected Deputy of Candlewick Ward, and will spare no expence to have me made a tip-top lady of fashion.

Conn. Oh, Miss, Nature has done that.—I rejoice, Miss, in this interview; for to spake the truth, I have had a pretty long dance to seek you.

Miss Dup. Yes, 'tis Mr. Hopkins, the dancing-master (*aside*).

Conn. Give me leave, Miss Duplex, tho' a stranger—

Miss Dup. A stranger! Ha! ha! ha! - No, no—tho' I never saw you before, I have heard of your character.

Conn. My character!

Miss Dup. Your fame is up in London.

Conn. Och, but they have heard of my wild pranks in Dublin! (*aside*).

Miss Dup. You have brought your *hit* with you, I suppose?

Conn. My Kit, my Kit! that was the name of the little *darling*, that was under my *protection* in Ireland (*aside*).—No, Madam, you see I'm come alone—nobody's with me but myself!

Miss Dup. Pray, Sir, how is Mrs. Waddle?

Conn. Upon my word, Miss, I never saw Mrs. Waddle in all my life.

Miss Dup. Why, Sir, don't you give her private lessons?

Conn. Not that I remember.

Miss Dup. Then, perhaps, your name is not Mr. Hopkins?

Conn. Not that I know of; unless it has been chang'd since I came to England, for an estate that I never got.

Miss Dup. Then you are not a dancing-master?

Conn. A what!—Fire and furies! do I look like a tutor of legs and feet?

Miss Dup. La, what a blunder I have made! I see it now—you are the French Mounseer, come to teach me to parlez-vous.

Conn. To parlez-vous!—a Frenchman?—worse and worse!—No, Miss, I am proud to say that I am a Briton; and you must have a bad ear for sounds, not to discern that I was an Englishman, by my tongue.

Miss Dup. Well, Sir, I'm quite tir'd of guessing who you are. Will you inform me of your name and business?

Conn. I was christen'd Patrick Connaught, Esquire—that's my name.—The business which led me here, I am almost ashamed to mention.

Miss Dup. I guess it, tho'.

Conn. A friend of mine has commission'd me, in the difficulties of his situation—in the distress of the moment—to—to—

Miss Dup. You need say no more—I perfectly understand you—we have many such visitors—you want money—pa's not at home, but his 'prentice, Ready, will assist you in the shop.

Conn. Shop! Zounds, does she suppose that I came hither to pawn any thing! (*aside*).—Miss Duplex, without further preface, I came from Mr. Crastinus.

Miss Dup. Mr. Crastinus! I hope, Sir, he has not forgot his engagements to me, and gone and married another Lady?

Conn. That letter from him, Madam, will explain the reason of my present visit.—He wrote it in a great hurry, Miss, for he had a dozen others to answer by the post—but the elegance

of the style, and the respectful expressions of his regard, will, I hope, apologize for the subject.—
(*Giving the Letter*).

Miss Dup. A copy of verses, I dare say, on our approaching nuptials to-morrow. (*Aside—reading*).

Conn. I do not wish to boast, Miss; but I gave it the polish, and rounded the periods.

Miss Dup. Did you, Sir? then thus I reward your pains—(*throwing the Letter at his feet*).

Conn. What the devil does she mean? (*Picking up the Letter*). “To Miss Duplex.”—And is it thus she treats my elegant—(*opening it*)—Hey! what have we here?—(*Reads*)—“You were last night nominated and chosen a member of the *Catamarans*.”—Here’s a pretty love-letter! a sweet billet-doux to a young Lady!—Will you allow me, Miss, to clear the mistake?

Miss Dup. If you please, Sir.

Conn. In his haste, my friend has directed to you a letter intended for another. The one he had written to you was to inform you, in the most respectful terms, that he could not possibly marry you—

Miss Dup. How! not marry me?—Perfidious man!—Very well, Sir—’tis excessively rude, tho’—but I don’t care—’tis a matter perfectly indifferent to me. He may think I am in a hurry to be married—but he’s mistaken—If he treats me, continually, with—such—neglect—and scorn—he shall find, that the daughter of Deputy Duplex can exert the spirit to—to—to—Oh!—oh!—oh!
(*Cries*).

Conn. Dry up your tears, Miss—my friend means honourably. But the fact is, he is engaged to-morrow to a party of *pleasure*; therefore, must postpone his marriage till the following day.

Miss Dup. (*drying up her tears*). Oh, Sir, if that is all, I have no objection to wait, with great patience, one day longer. I hope, Sir, you will forgive the mistakes I committed, when I took you for Mr. Hopkins—and suppos'd you had no money in your pocket.

Conn. Faith, that was no mistake (*aside*).—Pray don't be after mentioning the subject, Miss.—I can easily forget an affront, that was never intended.—Yours was a very common error, because 'tis very hard, in these days, to tell who is a *real gentleman*; for every sarvant-maid dresses like her mistress, and men of fashion and fortune assume the habits and the manners of their grooms and coachmen. Miss Duplex, I leave you, with a sincere wish that Mr. Crastinus may prove as good a husband, as your beauty and your merits deserve. [*Exit.*]

Miss Dup. That's a very sensible, well-bred man, for he does not forget the respect due to the dignity of a Deputy's daughter!—Let me see—on Wednesday, I shall be married;—on the Monday following, I shall be introduc'd at the Mansion House—sup with the Lord Mayor—the next day, go to Mr. Stilton's stylish christening, in the Old Bailey.—Oh, how delightful it will be, to become a dashing woman of fashion! [*Exit.*]

END OF ACT III.

Act IV.

SCENE I.

*Mr. PIMENTA's.**Enter Lady JANET and Miss DANVERS.*

Lady J. Miss Danvers, I wish you would accommodate me with the loan of fifty pounds, till such time as my surly Lord chooses to advance me that sum.

Emily. I would willingly, Lady Janet; but I parted with my last shilling yesterday, and I must ask my guardian for a fresh supply, and then I will oblige you.

Lady J. I hope he will come home before the company assemble. I have not a guinea in the world; and what I shall do when I set down to whist, I know not. A general might as well open the campaign without artillery, as a gamester commence his operations without the aid of ten, and twenty-pounders.

Emily. Can't you play for love, as we do in the country?

Lady J. For love! ha! ha! ha! Do nations go to war for love, my dear?

Emily. You don't compare a card-table, Lady Janet, to a field of battle?

Lady J. Indeed I do. The contending parties are as eager there for victory and the spoils, as soldiers in a battle. In the mimic game of war, kings are the commanders-in-chief; queens are

generals in petticoats; and knaves the army contractors. Then follow the undisciplin'd recruits, arm'd with spades and clubs. Station'd round the table, the hostile armies face each other, and begin the fight, resolv'd to conquer, or to fall. The bravest *hearts* are taken in the conflict. Kings and queens lie prostrate on the ground, or are led away captives to the enemy's camp, and such a ransom is demanded for their freedom, as drains the coffers of the vanquish'd party.

Emily. But instead of being thus beaten, why not retreat?

Lady J. So we do, my dear, when our ammunition is all wasted. *You* shall play at cards to-night—I will enlist you in my company.

Emily. After your description, Lady Janet, I shall never have courage to enter into the army.

Lady J. Yes, you will—you shall be inspecting general of the forces at my grand review to-night. See, they assemble! Now must I go and welcome many a visitor, whose face I never saw before, nor ever desire to see again. [*Exit.*

Emily. If such are the ways of London, give me the rough simplicity of the country, where the tongue speaks what the heart dictates; where friendship calls at every neighbour's house, and finds sincerity at home.

Enter JOHN WOULDs.

Well, John, why that dismal shake of the head again?

John. Why, Miss, one do see such wonders in Lunnun, that it makes a body's head turn quite round. I'm sure, sin I be com'd up here, that my poor head be not in the right place.

Emily. Indeed, I think not, John; for you have no business in the drawing-room.

John. Yees, I have tho', for poor Mr. Henry Mortimer—

Emily. Ah, Mr. Mortimer! What of him? Speak!

John. He be as poor as I be, for sarvants do say that bum-baileys be after him.

Emily. Heavens! What do I hear! What, what can I do to save him?

John. I'll tell you, Miss. As I were saunt'ring 'bout streets, I saw, written on a door close by, "money lent"—Now, I'll gang and borrow a few pounds, and tell him I wull pay it when I do receive my quarter's wages.

Emily. How can I procure the money to-night? Mr. Pimenta is from home, and Lady Janet has no money. Ah, this gold watch, chain, and seals, shall be sold! Here, John, take this, and sell it instantly, but be sure you do not mention *my* name to any one.

John. Miss, John Woulds be no blab.

Emily. Away, make all the haste you can.

John. If ever a woman wor an angel, she be one, I'ze cartain sure. [Exit.]

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Pawnbroker's Shop—READY closing the *Window-shutters*.

Enter DUPLEX.

Dup. So, Mrs. Pimenta gives her grand rout to-night, and has never invited me or Sukey to be of the party. Well, well—their pride shall be lowered—I have ordered my ferrets to arrest Pimenta and his partner Henry, before the whole company.

Enter JOHN WOULDs.

Dup. Who are you ?

John. Why, I be first-born son of Margery Woulds.

Dup. Where did you come from ?

John. Fra' Yorkshire, Sir.

Dup. But where last ?

John. Out of streets.

Dup. Who sent you here ?

John. Mistress, Sir.

Dup. What's her name ?

John. Miss Emily, Sir.

Dup. Her sirname ?

John. She be no *Sir*—she be a lady.

Dup. Tell me your business.

John. I do want some *brass*, Sir; so I be com'd to you for it.

Dup. In want of *brass*! You seem to have a plentiful stock of it.

John. No, Sir, if I had I shouldn't be poor—I do understand that you be a kinde-hearted soul, that do lend your money to such folks as do want it, so I be com'd to borrow twenty or thirty pounds o' you directly.

Dup. What pledge can you give me for the sum ?

John. Why, I wull pledge my word and honour that you shall be paid in four or foive years, out o' my wages.

Dup. Do you suppose that I am a fool, to lend my money on such terms? No; unless you have something better than your word to offer, you will get no money from me.

John. I have a gould watch here, if so be as you will buy it.

Dup. Let me see it.

John. Here it be, Sir. (*Gives Dup. the watch, who opens and examines it*). Ay, you be welcome to look at it—it be no false, hollow-hearted thing—it be better than some people that I do knawa, for it goes right, and tells no lies.

Dup. How came *you* by this watch?

John. Why, 'twere given I.

Dup. By whom?

John. Why, by—the—the owner, to be sure, Sir.

Dup. Indeed! and pray who might that be?

John. Axing your pardon, Sir, that ben't a question I can answer.

Dup. This fellow is more knave than fool, and has certainly robb'd his mistress of the watch (*aside*). Wait here a few moments, and I will bring you what you want. [*Exit.*]

John. I'll put the money in this bag, which moother gave I for a keep-sake. (*Pulling out a large canvas bag*). I do hope that he wull gi' it me all in golden guineas; for I do love to hear 'em chink, for cartain. I've often wonder'd how they contriv'd to squeeze one-and-twenty shillings into a guinea!—but that's a secret that it be not lawful to foind out, for many a man be hung'd up for coining.

Enter DUPLEX, with a Constable.

Dup. There! that's the man; take him into your custody!

John. Bless your heart, tho' I shall ha' so much money about'n, I be no afeard to walk hoame all alone by mysen.

Dup. Your pretended ignorance, sirrah, cannot hide your roguery. Take him, I say, into custo-

dy ; for I strongly suspect that he stole the watch he offered me to sell.

John. You do wrong me, Sir. I become of poor, but vartuous, parents, and you ought to be ashamed of yoursen, so you do, to call I a thief—I'm sure you be the greater of the two.

Dup. What do you mean, you scoundrel ?

John. Yees—you be a wicked ould man, to rob a poor country lad of all he be worth in the world—his good naame! (*Cries.*)

Constable. Come, I must take you to the watch-house to-night, and in the morning you will be committed to Newgate.

John (crying). No—dan't ye, for the love of mercy, tak' I to prison ; for if I come not hoame to-night, there be a sweet, pratty young lady, will break her heart for me.

Dup. Ha ! ha ! ha ! you are a lovely youth, indeed, to make any young lady die of love. Only tell me the name of the person of whom you had the watch ; and if, upon inquiry, your story should be true, you shall instantly be releas'd.

John (with firmness). No, Sir, I'd rather be hung'd than tell.

Dup. And that you will, if you do not, depend upon it. Take him away ! [*Exit.*]

John. Oh dear ! oh dear ! that ever I should have com'd up to this wicked place, Lunnun !

[*Exeunt John and the Constable.*]

SCENE III.

Mr. PIMENTA's—An elegant Ball-Room, lighted up.

Enter Miss DANVERS.

How painful to an anxious mind, is the noisy mirth that revels in this house. Heigho! My fears for Henry's safety too, forbid me to enjoy those scenes, which, from their novelty, perhaps, might please.

Enter Mr. JUVENILE, and Mr. CONNAUGHT.

Juv. Ah, cousin Emily, how do you? What! sad and sorrowful in the midst of gaiety?

Emily. I am indispos'd with a slight head-ach.

Conn. The heart-ach, she means: has fretted herself ill, poor thing, for fear I should not come to night. (*Aside.*)

Emily. I thought we were to be favor'd with Mrs. Juvenile's company this evening.

Juv. Her nerves are at present so weak, she dreads the fatigue of coming out.

Conn. She's quite a *sun-flow'r* of awife, for no sooner does the God of Day retire to rest, but she hides her beautiful charms from the eyes of the world.

Juv. If it were not for a twang of the brogue, you would be a good orator.

Conn. The brogue! Before I left Dublin, I had no idea that my tongue had the least twist of it, but, on my arrival in England, I suspected that I might have a small taste of the brogue clinging to my lips, altho' I could never believe it myself.

Emily. How so, Sir?

Conn. Why, the moment I enter'd the coffee-house on my landing, "Waiter," says I, "Beef-steaks for one, claret for two, and potatoes for three!"—"John," cry'd the master of the tavern, "lay the cloth for that *Irish Gentleman*." You see he soon found out I was an Irishman, tho' I cou'd hardly persuade myself it was by the brogue.

Juv. Come, Connaught, you must allow that all your countrymen have the brogue.

Conn. A bog-trotter may, but not a gentleman. For instance, the former would exclaim, "Arrah now, thunder and turf, it isn't *dársant* to behave so."—Now, a gentleman, and a man of education, would speak thus—"Upon my honour and conscience it is not *deécent*."

Juv. But we should say decent.

Conn. That's exactly what we call it in Dublin, *deécent*, and without any brogue at all.

Emily and Juv. Ha! ha! ha!

Conn. You may laugh, but if we in Ireland have *one* slight dialect, you in England have twenty stronger brogues.

Emily. Twenty!

Conn. Yes, you have the Cockney, the Somersetshire, the Lancashire, the Yorkshire, the Scotch, and the devil knows how many more brogues.

Juv. Come, let us go and pay our compliments to the lively hostess.

Conn. Go, I'll follow you directly.

[*Exit Mr. Juv.*]

Miss Danvers, I have something to communicate, of the utmost consequence to your future peace and happiness.

Emily. Something of consequence connected with my future peace! What can he mean?

Tidings of my Henry, who is now, perhaps, the victim of unfeeling creditors.

Conn. Now, Cupid, Venus, and all the little Graces, assist me to subdue my national timidity, and teach me Ovid's Lessons in the Art of Love. We are like two statues at a gate, looking on each other, without exchanging a single word. (*Aside.*)

Emily. I think you said just now, Sir, that you had something of importance to impart?

Conn. Miss Danvers, the first time I ever saw you, I notic'd the beams of love darting from those sparkling orbs, and shining on a person whom I need not mention.

Emily. And that very person is now the object of all my anxious doubts and fears.

Conn. There can be no mistake—*I am* the object of her anxious doubts and fears! Patrick Connaught, you are an excellent marksman, for, at the first fire from Cupid's battery, pop, you bring down your game. (*Aside.*)

Emily. Oh, Sir, speak; tell me, have I any thing to hope?

Conn. Hope every thing, Miss Danvers, for the man that you have honor'd with your regard adores you, and nothing but his situation forbids him to claim possession of your hand and heart.

Emily. I am no stranger to the delicacy of his motives, and I wish to remove his scruples, and to free him from his present difficulties.

Conn. How can one so poor repay your kindness?

Emily. Poor! Is he not rich in modesty and worth?

Conn. Oh, Miss Danvers! (*bowing*). And now, my angel, tell me when will you condescend to name the joyful day?

Emily. I shall not, Sir, with coy delay, sport

with an honorable passion, nor thro' caprice postpone our mutual happiness.

Conn. Generous creature! Thus with Cupid's seal I stamp the marriage contract! (*Offering to salute her*).

Emily. Sir, this is a rudeness which—

Conn. Rudeness! Faith, but she fancies herself already married, and is beginning to shew the airs and authority of a wife! (*Aside*).

Enter LADY JANET.

Lady J. Oh, Miss Emily, I am so astonish'd—so asham'd—and—so—so—alarm'd!

Emily. What has happen'd, Madam?

Lady J. Oh, my dear, there are three bailiffs in the house!

Conn. Three bailiffs! No wonder then that your Ladyship was alarm'd! The sight of *one* terrifies me. (*Aside*).

Lady J. I mistook them for foreign officers, and introduc'd them as such into the drawing-room, which I had no sooner done, than many of the company hurried out of the room, and left the house.

Conn. I always run away myself upon such occasions. (*Aside*).

Lady J. Well, my dear, I went into the saloon, where Mr. Sympathy had just began to recite a beautiful Ode upon Liberty; but no sooner did those birds of prey espy him, than one of the three furious hawks pounc'd upon the dear little poet, caught him by the arm, and is now leading him to a spunging-house.

Emily. Oh, Lady Janet, I fear the other two are waiting to arrest your husband, and the man upon whose safety all my future peace depends.

Conn. Arrest me! How the devil shall I escape the snares of these poaching rascals? (*Aside*).

Lady J. What, Mr. Pimenta, and your lover, Mr. Mortimer, two of the most eminent merchants of the city, in danger of a prison? Impossible!

Conn. Mr. Mortimer her lover! Why, what a near-sighted ass have I been! making love for the silent gentleman all the time. (*Aside*).

Emily (*aside to Lady J.*) You deceive yourself—your husband is on the brink of ruin.

Lady J. Her earnestness alarms me. Should the danger she predicts be real—I dare not for a moment think it—I'll go and learn the truth of her report directly. [*Aside, and Exit.*]

Emily. Mr. Connaught, you now can serve your friend. Yonder I see my Henry enter the drawing-room—I will go there, whilst you shall visit the saloon, and try to bribe the bailiffs to depart.

Conn. What a penance! To send me to the mouths of Cerberus without a gilded cake in my pocket to appease his hungry stomach! (*Aside*). Miss Danvers, I would willingly obey your request, but, tho' I have often try'd, I never yet could soften the heart of a bailiff.

Emily. What, Sir, will you abandon your friend in danger?

Conn. Miss Emily, if my purse were as big and as full as my heart, I should rejoice in the opportunity of performing the offices of humanity; but, since I want the power, I must abruptly take my leave. These two legs, twin-brothers, the constant and faithful companions of my life, have often bail'd me on similar emergencies, and to their active sarvice I now confide the safety of my body. (*Aside, and runs out*).

Emily. Where can my servant have loiter'd all this time?—I'll go myself to these harpies of the law—If they refuse to hearken to a woman's voice, they cannot have the hearts of men!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Mr. DUPLEX's.

Enter DUPLEX.

Dup. I wonder Nab has not been here to tell me of his success—I'll sit up one hour longer—(*a loud knocking*). Oh, here comes the bailiff, I dare say. Nab has the keenest scent of any law-hound in town, for he never suffers his game to escape him.

Enter Captain FRASER, in a Military Great Coat, and READY.

Ready. There's my master. [*Exit.*

Dup. Have you any private business with me, Sir?

Capt. Fr. I have, Sir.

Dup. 'Tis past the hour of business.

Capt. Fr. No matter—I am come, after an absence of three and twenty years, to redeem a most precious pledge.

Dup. You don't expect me to return it now? But tell me your name, and produce the duplicate.

Capt. Fr. Have you forgot the name of Fraser?

Dup. (*starting*). Fra—Fra—I—I—really cannot find such a name upon my memory.

Capt. Fr. Because ingratitude keeps no ac-

count. Three and twenty years ago, I and my wife were lodgers in your house, where she became the mother of a lovely boy. Incens'd at my marriage with a girl whose only dower was beauty, and the graces of a virtuous mind, my father clos'd his heart and doors against us. The little money we possess'd was soon expended, and my debts increas'd, when, to avoid the horrors of a jail, I left the tender partner of my cares (too ill to be remov'd), and went abroad.

Dup. And are now return'd with a noble fortune?

Capt. Fr. No, Sir, wounds, and a broken constitution, are all I have to shew for years of service. But to resume my story :—The cruel separation prey'd upon my wife—she sunk, and died, but left behind her, in your charge, our helpless little one.—Say, does he live?

Dup. I—I believe so—that is—I—I can't tell.

Capt. Fr. No! what was his fate? Answer me, I conjure you.

Dup. The child—now don't be shook'd—oh! he was—oh, he was such a pretty boy—I was so fond of him—he was the very image of you—

Capt. Fr. You trifle with my feelings—without prevarication or delay—

Dup. Bless us, you are so hasty—He—he—was lost—stolen from the door—

Capt. Fr. Stolen! what was his age when this event occur'd?

Dup. His age! You question me, Sir, as though I were overseer of the parish.

Capt. Fr. I question you with the anxious voice of Nature. I demand your reasons for withholding from a father's knowledge, the fatal secret, and for your fraudulent detentions of the sums which I sent expressly for the infant's use?

Dup. I kept the money—in hopes—that—that

—the sweet boy might one day be found. If I delay'd from year to year, to mention the disastrous accident, I did it in compassion to your feelings, Sir. Besides, 'tis now five years since I read your name in the Gazette, amongst the slain.

Capt. Fr. A prisoner, and missing, it was suppos'd that I had fallen in the fight. Happy if I had, for 'twould have spar'd my heart this bitter pang of disappointment. The hope of one day clasping to my breast an only son, the legacy of Love, supported me through every danger, and cheer'd the hours of harsh captivity. Early to-morrow morning I shall visit you again. Be ready with your accounts.

Dup. (aside). What shall I do? I have it—his principal creditor lives close by—I'll go to him in the morning, buy up the debt for a trifle, and cage this Bengal tyger (*going*).

Capt. Fr. And mark me, if you have dar'd to cheat me with a tale of falshood, or have basely wrong'd the orphan trusted to your care, tremble at a father's vengeance. [*Exeunt separately.*]

END OF ACT IV.

Act V.

SCENE I.

*Mr. PIMENTA's.**EMILY and LADY JANET discovered seated.*

Lady J. Oh, Emily, my follies have occasion'd this disgrace, this total wreck of happiness! No wish denied me by a fond and doating husband, I thought his fortune boundless as his love. My house, my heart, were open to a crowd of flatterers, who in the hour of need forsake me.

Emily. Ah! Lady Janet, the buzzing insects that, in summer, swarm around the gaudy flowers, and live upon the honied treasures, will, when the blossoms fade, and all their sweets are gone, leave them to perish in the winter's blast.

Lady J. No tidings yet of my husband, or of Henry?

Emily. Not any, Madam.

Lady J. Oh!

Emily. Your mind and body are worn out by watching—compose yourself—retire to rest.

Lady J. To rest! The throbbings of this breaking heart will startle sleep, and banish slumber from my pillow.

Emily. Nay, dearest Madam, dry up your tears—all may yet be well.

Lady J. 'Tis not my fallen pride that weeps—these are the tears of deep remorse. Ah! Emily, let my example teach you, that pleasure is the

dazzling meteor of an hour ; but prudence only, is the polar star of lasting happiness.

Emily. Reflections such as these, will tend, in future, to restore the blessings you have lost.

Lady J. Ah, no! Has not my wild extravagance banish'd a husband from his home, and sent a faithful friend to prison? Has not my folly—agonizing thought!—reduc'd to beggary my helpless children?

Emily. To beggary, Lady Janet? Never, whilst I can aid them. I'll pay your husband's debts, restore him to his wife and family, and think my fortune well bestow'd, that has obtain'd a father's freedom, and a mother's peace!

Enter JOHN WOULDs.

John. Oh, Miss, I be zo glad to see you—I dare to say your poor heart has griev'd sorely 'bout I.

*Emily—(rising and coming forward, Lady Janet remaining on the sofa)—*How came you to stay from home last night? You met, I fear, with improper company.

John. Yees, Miss, I did meet wi' very bad company, that's zure enough. Bless your heart! they took I to watch-house, where I wor cramm'd into a dark hole, wi' drunken bucks, pickpockets, and naughty, fye-fye women.

Emily. What had you done?

John. Nothing—but when I offer'd to sell your—noa, my watch—the money-lender swore that I had stolen it; and because I wouldn't tell from whom I had it, they dragged I along as thof I'd been a thief, and said I should be hang'd.

Emily. Faithful fellow! what dangers have you undergone for me!

John. Nay, I shouldn't have minded losing my life in your sarvice; but I cried and sobb'd most bitterly all night long, to think how poor moother would grieve, when she wur tould of my untimely end; for she did alway say that I wur the hopes o' the family.

Emily. Why not let me know your peril?

John. They wur so hard hearted, that thof I begg'd of 'em to let me out, only for ten minutes, and promis'd to come back and spend the night wi' 'em, they only laugh'd, and swore I was an *old one*, though you do knowa, Miss, that I be but twenty next Lammas.

Emily. True, John, you are young indeed.

John. In the morning they carried I before his worship, the Justice.

Emily. What did he say?

John. He spoke very civil, and said he wur sorry to see a lad of my simple countenance brought before him.—I tould him I wur as sorry as he could be, and that I wur willing to gang home.—Well, as nawbody appeared 'gainst I, he monished I 'bout honesty, and dismissed I very genteelly.

Emily. Well, John, go down now—Lady Janet is indispos'd.

John. I beg pardon, Madam—I'm sure I didn't see you—Ize very sorry ye are so badly. If you'll mak' up your mind to be happy, you'll soon be well again—but mayhap Lunnun don't agree wi' you, Ma'am; I'm zure it doesn't agree wi' me, for they clapt I in jail last night.

Emily. Hush, John!

John. I tell you what, Ma'am, you'd better go wi' us to Yorkshire, eh!—There every thing's as bonny as out—lads, lasses, pigs, cows, dogs, and horses do all thrive there, and *you'd*

thrive there—I'm sure you would—so do go, Ma'am.

Emily. Go, John, talking disturbs her.

John. I do ax pardon, Miss; but I meant nought but dutiful love and kindness to her Ladyship.

Emily. I know it; and be assured, your fidelity to me, John, shall not pass unrewarded.

John. I do thank you kindly, Miss; but I'd rather not have any thing—a deal of brass is very apt to mak' a body proud, and I might then lose, mayhap, the pleasure I do now feel, in having done my duty as an honest lad. [Exit.

Emily. I fear the bluntness of my servant's character—

Lady J. (rising). No, Emily; his frankness pleas'd me.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. A letter for Lady Janet. [Exit.

Lady J. 'Tis from Mr. Pimenta. Oh what a coward guilt has made me, when I tremble to unfold a husband's letter! (*Reads.*) “Two o'clock in the morning.—Mad with the loss of fortune, fame, and character, I cannot face the world.—Another, and a distant country, can only hide my shame. In a father's name, kiss and bless for me, our helpless little ones.—Be a kind mother to them *when I am gone*, and pity and pray for your distracted husband.”—(*Sinks into Emily's arms.*)

Emily. Dearest Madam, be compos'd.

Lady J. Compos'd! what, when my husband meditates a deed of horror!

Emily. You surely misconceive.

Lady J. No—no—here—here are the fatal words—“Be a kind mother when I am gone!”—

When I am gone! mark that!—Self-destruction!—The horrid crime was mine!—'Twas my conduct drove a husband to despair—bereav'd my children of their father!

Emily. You alarm me, Madam! It cannot be!

Lady J. When I am gone!—Where can a guilty wife and mother hide her crimes? Not even in the grave—for in another world my husband will accuse me!—(*Sinks exhausted on the sofa, and the Scene closes*).

SCENE II.

Mr. DUPLEX's.

Enter Miss DUPLEX, dressed for the Wedding, followed by JENNY.

Miss Dup. Jenny, do I look tolerably well?

Jenny. Divinely, Miss! enough to captivate a Prince—what a charming gown! I loves white—it is so innocent.

Miss Dup. Marriage, Jenny, is a very awful affair. I am really alarm'd as the moment approaches—when I must yield up my virgin hand. If my husband should ever neglect me, or refuse to let me have my own way, Jenny, I do think that my poor, tender heart, would break! (*weeps*).

Jenny (weeping). Oh! oh! my dear Mistress!

Miss Dup. (still weeping). It's—a—very—serious thought! (*drying up her tears*). I wish he was come tho', for I hate to be kept waiting so long.

Jenny. I hopes, Miss, that you will take me down with you in the country, to wait upon you.

Miss Dup. Yes, Jenny, you shall be my maid of the bed-chamber, to dress, and undress me.

Jenny. To undress you, Miss ! why, won't you have the use of your hands when you are a real Lady ?

Miss Dup. Women of fashion, I am told, Jenny, never wait upon themselves.

Jenny. No, Miss ! Why what helpless creatures they must be then.

Miss Dup. The only exertion of a fine Lady, consists in ringing the bell—in walking from the drawing-room to the carriage—and from the carriage to the drawing-room.

Jenny. That's the reason I suppose, Miss, that one sees so many fat dowagers.

Miss Dup. Remember, Jenny, when we go down to my country-house, that you never tell any of the bumpkins that my pa' is a pawn-broker.

Jenny. No, Ma'am, I'll swear that old Master was born a Lord Mayor—that you was the most tip-toppest Lady in Lunnun—and that I was a Maid of Honor—I doesn't mind a few vite lies.

Miss Dup. I wonder that Mr. Crastinus is not here yet.

Jenny. La, Miss, I hopes he vont forget.

Miss Dup. No, Jenny, I took an excellent method to remind him ; for last night I sent an account of the wedding to all the newspapers. Give me that paper of to-day which is lying on the table. (*Jenny gives it to her*). Read that paragraph, Jenny (*giving the paper*).

Jenny. I begs pardon, Miss, but I was larnt every thing at school but my letters.

Miss Dup. Listen then, (*reading*), “ This morning was married, by licence, at Bow-church Cheapside, by the Rev. Dr. Snorum, the young and beautiful Miss Duplex, only daughter of the worthy Deputy of that name, to George Cras-

tinus, Esq. of Drowsy-hall, Bedfordshire. After the ceremony, the happy couple set off, in a chaise and four, for their country seat, where they intend to pass their honey moon."

Enter Mr. DUPLEX.

Dup. Ah, Sukey, let me look at you! why you are as fine as a show-glass, and as full of trinkets as my shop window.

Miss Dup. Go Jenny and bring me word the very moment that the bride-groom and his friend arrive.

Jenny. Yes, Miss; I'll stand at the shop door, and if I see them coming along, I'll beckon them to make haste. [*Exit.*

Dup. Well, Sukey, to-day you leave the protection of a father, for a youthful husband. You'll not forget the old man I hope, but come and spend your Christmasses with him.

Miss Dup. I shall always be happy, pa', to welcome you at my town and country house, but you'll excuse my visits to the city, as the air is too close, and the nasty fogs may affect my lungs.

Dup. The city air! why what the plague's the matter with that? both you and I have liv'd upon it all our lives. 'Tis the wholesomest air in London, or so many of our citizens wouldn't thrive so much upon it. It's the west end of the town, and the squares, where people are destroy'd by galloping consumptions.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. La, Ma'am, he's come! he's come! he's come! (*Goes up to Miss Duplex.*)

Miss Dup. Dear Heart, Jenny, how you have fluster'd me! (*Goes up the Stage.*)

Enter Mr. CRASTINUS, and Mr. CONNAUGHT.

Crast. (*Going up to Jenny.*) I beg ten thousand pardons, Madam, for being so late, but now I'm ready to attend you to the church.

Conn. Ha! ha! ha! why that's not the bride—that's not Miss Duplex.

Jenny. Vell, only to think that I should be taken for a lady! But it's no vonder—Birth is nothing—Manners and edication is all. [*Exit.*

Conn. Give me leave, Miss Duplex, to present Mr. Crastinus to your better acquaintance.

Crast. Tho' I have been so hurried, Madam, as not to pay the usual attentions of a lover, yet I assure you I am not insensible to the merits of Miss Duplex, nor ungrateful of the honor she confers upon me by taking the name of Crastinus.

Dup. Well, Gentlemen, suppose you go and join the company in the best parlour, and take a snack before you enter the church. You'll excuse my attendance there, as I have urgent business at Mr. Pimenta's, where I shall expect you after the ceremony is over.

Crast. Bless me, how could I be so thoughtless! what shall I do?

Dup. What's the matter?

Crast. I've come without the licence.

Miss Dup. Without the licence!

Crast. Yes; but no matter—to-morrow will do as well.

Miss Dup. To-morrow! I expect to be married to-day, Sir.

Crast. To-day—to-morrow—I beg pardon—I did not think on what I was saying—I meant that we might be married to-day, and I could get the licence to-morrow—no—not that—I mean, that I'll step to the Commons directly.

Miss Dup. Now do, Sir, make all the haste you can, for you know we can't be married after twelve o'clock.

Crast. Madam, I'll fly—I'll borrow the wings of Love. I'll be back before to morrow. [*Exit.*

Conn. Wings of Love! you had much better go in the hackney coach.—Mr. Crastinus, Madam, is a warm friend, but a very absent lover. Now we never neglect the ladies in Dublin—never.

Miss Dup. What a charming place that must be, to be married in.

Conn. Och, Ireland, Miss, is the cradle of love, and the nursery of friendship! for there the wives are so happy, and the husbands so-attentive—

Miss Dup. I wish that I had lived there.

Conn. Now if this had been my wedding day, and the bride, the accomplished Miss Duplex—

Miss Dup. Oh, Sir—you—you!

Conn. I never would have forgotten the licence: and as for the ring, Madam, I always carry one on my finger, to guard against accidents.—Give me leave, Miss Duplex, to hand you down into the parlour.

Miss Dup. La! Sir, you are vastly polite.—I hope, Sir, that I shall often have the pleasure of seeing you at my country-house.

[*Exeunt with great ceremony.*

Dup. Whilst the young couple are gone, I'll pay a visit to the Merchant's, and take possession of his house and furniture.

Re-enter Mr. CRASTINUS.

What has brought you back so soon?

Crast. I've forgot my purse—not a shilling in my pocket.—Lend me twenty guineas, to pay for the licence, the parson, the clerk, the sexton, pew-opener, coach, and the ringers.

Dup. There—there—(*giving the money*)—get you gone.

Crast. I'll give you a draft upon my banker for the money.

Dup. Do so.

Crast. Well, here—take it—(*pulling out his pocket book*)—but I'm in haste now—no matter—(*putting up the pocket book*)—you shall have it to-morrow. [*Exit.*

Dup. What a day of triumph this is to me! Pimenta and his Partner are both arrested;—Captain Fraser, too, and his saucy demands, are silenced—Nab has locked him up, and released me from every fear of being worried by him again. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Mr. PIMENTA'S.

Enter JOHN WOULDs, with a large Trunk on his shoulder, and a Bundle in one hand.

John (*running about the Stage*). Where be Miss Emily? (*calling*) Miss Danvers! Miss Emily! For the love of mercy do come to me.—Dan't be afraid—'tis only I, your faithful sarvant, John Woulds, that do call ye! Miss Emily! Miss Danvers!

Enter EMILY.

Emily. John! why what is the matter?

John. Oh Miss! (*crying*) I be so frightful!

Emily. Why are you thus loaded?

John. It ben't the load at my back, but the big, thumping one at my heart, that do mak' me cry so.

Emily. Explain.

John. This be your trunk, and in the bundle I'ze cramm'd my best clothes and linen! Oh dear, oh dear! I be scar'd out of my poor wits! (*Crying*).

Emily. What are you going to do with those things?

John. I'ze going to put 'em into Bull's Mouth.

Emily. What!

John. Into waggon, that sets off from the Bull's Mouth, and do fly down to our town.

Emily. What is the meaning of—

John. Hush! not so loud! They'll overhear us—for house be full of officers.

Emily. Officers!

John. Yeess—bum-baileys—Every thing here be gone to wrack and ruin, and baileys be com'd to take away all they can clap their ugly claws on.

Emily. Poor Lady Janet! (*Aside*).

John. Well, no sooner did I see 'em lay hold of the moveables, but away I scamper'd up to room, and got your trunk, and my best Sunday-going things away; and by gum, they mun fight hard that do try to catch 'em from me. (*Lays down the trunk, and seats himself on it*).

Enter LADY JANET.

Lady J. The harpies of the law are come to plunder and devour us. This roof no longer can afford a shelter—We must be gone.

Emily. But whither will you go?

Lady J. I know not! Without a husband, home, or friend, what door will open to receive me?

John (rising). Why, moother's will; go but into Yorkshire, Ma'am, and shu and sister Dolly will be very happy to see us all.

(DUPLEX, *without.*)

Dup. Let nothing be remov'd without my orders. This house, and all that it contains, belong to me.

John. He shan't ha' your trunk tho'. (*Seating himself again on it.*)

Enter DUPLEX.

Why, that be the wicked, ugly, ould chap, that sent I to jail.

Dup. Ladies, I will thank you to withdraw—this house is mine.

Emily. Yours !

Dup. Yes, mine.

Lady F. I shall—not—Sir—dispute your claim—I will but collect my little treasure, the only ornaments I have left, and then—

Dup. Hold, Madam ! Every thing of value, in this place, is mine by law.

Lady F. Not so ; the jewels I request to have, are—

Dup. The presents of your husband—the gifts of pride !

Lady F. They are, indeed, a mother's pride—a wife's best ornaments—my children !

Dup. Chil—Children—yes, yes, you may take them with you—I have no wish to be father-in-law to them.

Emily. My dear Sir, have pity on Lady Janet, and release her husband. Do, I beseech you !

John. Now, do Sir, do—be kind-hearted for once.

Dup. In one word, ladies, I must insist on your removal from this house.

Enter CAPTAIN FRASER.

Capt. Fr. And I insist that they remain !

Dup. Captain Fraser !

Capt. Fr. (*crossing over to the Ladies*). Pardon, ladies, the abrupt entrance of a stranger ; I come not to insult your sorrows, but, if practicable, to relieve them.

Lady J. The visit of friendship, Sir, is always welcome. You are acquainted, I presume, with our unhappy story ?

Capt. Fr. I am, Madam, and have deeply lamented your misfortunes.

Lady J. Perhaps, then, you bring me tidings of my husband—

Emily. And of Mr. Mortimer.

Capt. Fr. They are both well.

Lady J. Heaven be prais'd ! For since my husband lives, I'll bear my lighter griefs without a murmur.

Emily. Say, Sir, shall we not see them soon ?

Capt. Fr. That question, Madam, I cannot answer yet.

Lady J. Alas ! the coldness of that reply has kill'd my hopes.

Capt. Fr. Patience, and the Christian's confidence. Madam, will revive them. Allow me now to address a few words to that ungrateful man (*pointing to Duplex, who, during the latter part of this Scene, has retir'd up the Stage*) Mr. Duplex !

Dup. Sir—I—Sir—

Capt. Fr. What language can be strong enough to describe the baseness of your conduct to me ? But I need not use reproaches, for detected guilt, I see, has mark'd your features with the stamp of shame.

Dup. Who made you a judge of faces ?

Capt. Fr. Silence, wretch, and hear me !

Dup. Wretch, indeed ! A Deputy of the City might command a little more respect.

Capt. Fr. Not if the man degrades the title. The humblest citizen, who, by industry and merit, rises to civic honours, claims the regard of ev'ry virtuous mind ; but the robe of dignity which gracefully adorns the patriot, flows with mock grandeur from the back of knaves and fools !

Dup. Captain Fraser, I am not inclin'd to listen to your flourishing speeches.

Capt. Fr. I shall not long detain you, Sir.—In the same house, where the agents of your avarice and fraud this day confin'd me, I found two other victims of your cruelty.

Lady J. Who ? Mr. Pimenta, and his Partner ?

Capt. Fr. The same, Madam. I listen'd to the recital of their distresses ; and having purchas'd my own liberty, I hasten'd here to offer consolation, by restoring a husband to his wife and home.

(*Lady Janet, Emily, and the Captain, retire up the Stage in Conversation.*)

John. What, be young master and old master free ? Dang it, I wor' never so pleas'd in all my born days afore.—(*Going up to Duplex*). I'll thank you for the watch you stole from me last night.

Dup. I have it safe at home, and will restore it to the right owner.

John. See, now, that you do, or by gum, you shall be sent to jail.—Ladies (*mimicking Duplex*), you must go—this house be mine. Ha ! ha ! how glum you look now—quite sheepish loike.—Sin things be turn'd out well, I'll carry trunk

up stairs again (*placing the Trunk on his shoulder*).—How ugly and sinful you be!—I'll tell you what, mun—only try to be honest a bit, and you'd walk as upright as I do, and you'd then laugh,—Ha! ha! and be as pretty as I am, Ha! ha! [*Exit.*]

Capt. Fr. (*coming down with the Ladies*). In the path of war, Madam, I sought for fame, not riches; and return'd to England, poor as when I left it—but found, on my arrival, that a relenting father had bequeath'd me, on his death, his large estates.

Dup. Is it so! I must endeavour to make friends with him, then (*aside*).—Captain Fraser, let my wish to atone for former errors, lessen your resentment. Let me disclose a secret to you, which has long prey'd upon my conscience—your son yet lives!

Capt. Fr. Lives!

Dup. Yes; for Mr. Mortimer, whom your kindness this day releas'd from prison, is your own son.

Capt. Fr. My son! Oh, let me hasten, and greet him with a father's blessing! [*Exit.*]

Dup. I don't know what ails me, but I feel quite low and depress'd (*going*).—Zounds! here come my son and daughter!

Enter Miss DUPLEX, and Mr. CONNAUGHT.

Miss Dup. La, what a nice room—I should like to stay here.

Dup. No, no—we must retire to my house—Where's your husband, Sukey?

Miss Dup. Close at hand, pa'.

Enter Mr. CRASTINUS, hastily.

Crast. Beg ten thousand pardons for being so late! never ran so fast in all my life—Wheugh!

Dup. Well, Son-in-law, I give you joy!

Crast. Give me some more money, for I have lost that you lent me.

Dup. Lost it! How?

Crast. I was walking with the greatest speed to Doctors' Commons—

Dup. Walking! Why didn't you take the coach, that waited for you at the door?

Crast. I forgot that—Well, I was walking with the greatest speed, when I met Dick Tongues, the famous pedestrian. He betted me all the cash I had in my pocket, that he would give me fifty yards, and yet outwalk me. I accepted the challenge—away we started—I took long strides—he follow'd with his spindle shanks, like Death after a plethora, reach'd the place before me, and won the wager.

Dup. Hey! what! Answer me, Sir—are you married, or not?

Crast. I am not, for I had no money to get the Licence—call'd at Juvenile's, to borrow some; but he was from home—however, I chatted some time with his *extraordinary wife*.

Conn. What, when you had a Lady waiting for you, expecting to be made your own?

Crast. I quite forgot that. Besides, 'tis the fashion to prefer other men's wives to our own. Miss Duplex, I am sorry for the delay—but no matter—nothing shall prevent our being married to-morrow.

Miss Dup. You are vastly kind, Sir, but the

law does not allow us the privilege of two husbands at a time.

Dup. Why, Sukey, you—you are not really married?

Miss Dup. Indeed I am, pa'.

Dup. And who the devil is your husband? What's his name?

Miss Dup. His name is—what's your name, my dear?

Conn. Connaught, my darling!

Miss Dup. I am, pa', the darling of this gentleman!

Dup. Indeed!

Conn. Why, Sir, when Mr. Crastinus forgot to return with the licence, the poor soul was so unhappy, that out of compassion I offer'd her myself.—The dear crature dry'd up her eyes, and as I had not receiv'd the remittance from Ireland, she generously proffer'd me her purse—I borrow'd the contents—she jump'd into my arms—then into a coach—drove furiously to Doctors' Commons—pass'd our walking friend, here—got the licence, and were married immediately.

Crast. Married! is this your friendship to me, Mr. Connaught?

Conn. Faith, and it is! I heard you call matrimony a burthen, so I humanely took the load from off your shoulders, and clap'd it on my own.

Crast. Sir, I demand the satisfaction of a gentleman instantly—No, I'll not disturb your wedding joys to-day, but will certainly call you out to-morrow.

Conn. To-morrow is too soon; but should my father-in-law not relent, call upon me a few months hence, and perhaps I may be glad to join you in a shooting party.

Enter Captain FRASER, HENRY, and Mr. PIMENTA.

Lady J. My husband !

Emily. Henry !

Lady J. Say, can you pardon the follies of a thoughtless wife ?

Pimen. Lady Janet, continue this reform, and you shall have my confidence, my love.

Lady J. And if I forfeit them, may scorn and misery be my lot.

Crast. Connaught, give me your hand—I forgive you—’twas my own fault—but, no matter—for had I married to-day, perhaps I might have repented of it to-morrow.

Capt. Fr. Mr. Pimenta, words are but feeble thanks for such benevolence as yours—you found the slender branch torn from its parent tree, and kindly planted, nourish’d, and reviv’d the drooping stem.

Pimen. Captain Fraser, the tree producing grateful fruit, repays with tenfold recompense, the care that rear’d it. Here’s a lady, I believe, that would gladly take shelter under it.

Capt. Fr. With a father’s sanction, then, I thus ratify the union virtue form’d (*giving Emily to Henry*).

Henry. I receive her, as the greatest blessing Heaven can give me !

Miss Dup. I hope, husband, that you will consider *me* as your greatest blessing.

Conn. Certainly, my love—I took you for better or for worse.

Lady J. And so did my good man take me.—Well, since marriage is a journey which must last

for life, how foolish 'tis to quarrel with our guides, and wander from the path that leads to happiness.

Crast. Captain Fraser, I hope I am not too late in offering my sincere congratulations on the joyful events of the morning. Let me add too, before I may forget it, that I wish all happiness and success to the day, and that no accident may intervene, to cloud the prospect of—to-morrow,

END OF THE LAST ACT.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY G. COLMAN, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MRS. GLOVER.

THE reptile *Vice*, essaying to deceive,
 From Adam slunk, and fawn'd on frailer Eve;
 Smoothly the glozing serpent told his tale,
 And sooth'd the softer sex to damn the male;
 For, when the devil himself can't conquer man,
 He knows 'tis ten to one a woman can.

Thus Vice obtain'd;—and, still 'tis Vice's art
 For ever to attack the weaker part.

What, now, of weakness is the ruling passion?
 Apeing the great, and *following the Fashion*:
 Is Fashion Vice, then?—that 'twere rash to say;
 No—'tis a finger-post on Taste's highway,
 Which blunderers *mis-read*, and go astray. }

Observe the *genuine* fashion of our nation,
 That trace the ills of barb'rous imitation,
 Exalted rank should point to Virtue's springs,
 Where's an example?—See our *best of Kings*:
 So mild, yet firm, tho' war has mark'd his reign,
 The Ring-dove perches on the Lion's mane.
 And, oh, revere his age!—Support his throne!
 Feel, as he feels, your welfare is his own.

To rival such a Monarch who shall try?
 Up springs a Corsican, and cries—" 'Tis I!"
 Who, chance first throwing armies in his way,
 Work'd from a subaltern to sovereign sway;
 Who profited by military strides,
 Till he was crown'd *the King of Regicides*;

Who, when a state was frantic, seiz'd the reins,
 With all of Cromwell's luck, and half his brains;
 And having *grasp'd* the power of doing good,
 Wantonly deluges the world with blood.
 Is this *true kingly fashion*?—Death and shame!
 While reason sways, what voice will not exclaim
 (At least, while *British* voices can be heard),
 “Down with all Upstarts!—Bless King George the Third!”
 In following Fashion, through her various scenes,
 Fools only ape the rich, beyond their means:
 The Frog who emulates the Ox's size,
 Swells vainly, till he bursts, and bursting dies.
 Because my Lord, well stor'd with cash and land,
 Mounts the barouche, and drives his four-in-hand,
 Must mimick tailors into tandems climb,
 And journeymen become *bang up* and *prime*?
 Oh! let them think (and shun the millions' scoff),
 Tradesmen, thus *primed*, must very soon go off.
 If Lady Bab boast graceful music's power,
 Heiress, and Saint Cecilia of the hour,
 Must we be bored by fifty dowdy dolls,
 “'Cause the Miss Fussocks plays the *Hapsicholls*?”
 If—but more instances!—you cannot need them,
 I leave it, then, to “the mind's eye” to read them;
 Obvious that the best *fashion* of a nation
 Lies in the *manners* which become our station.
 And if our modest author of to-night,
 Have labour'd in *the present taste* to write,
 Let not his betters fly into a passion,
 For *humble* are *his hopes* to be in fashion.

THE END.

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